

# SICK

## SPECIAL

\$1.50



FALL 1980  
CDC 00257

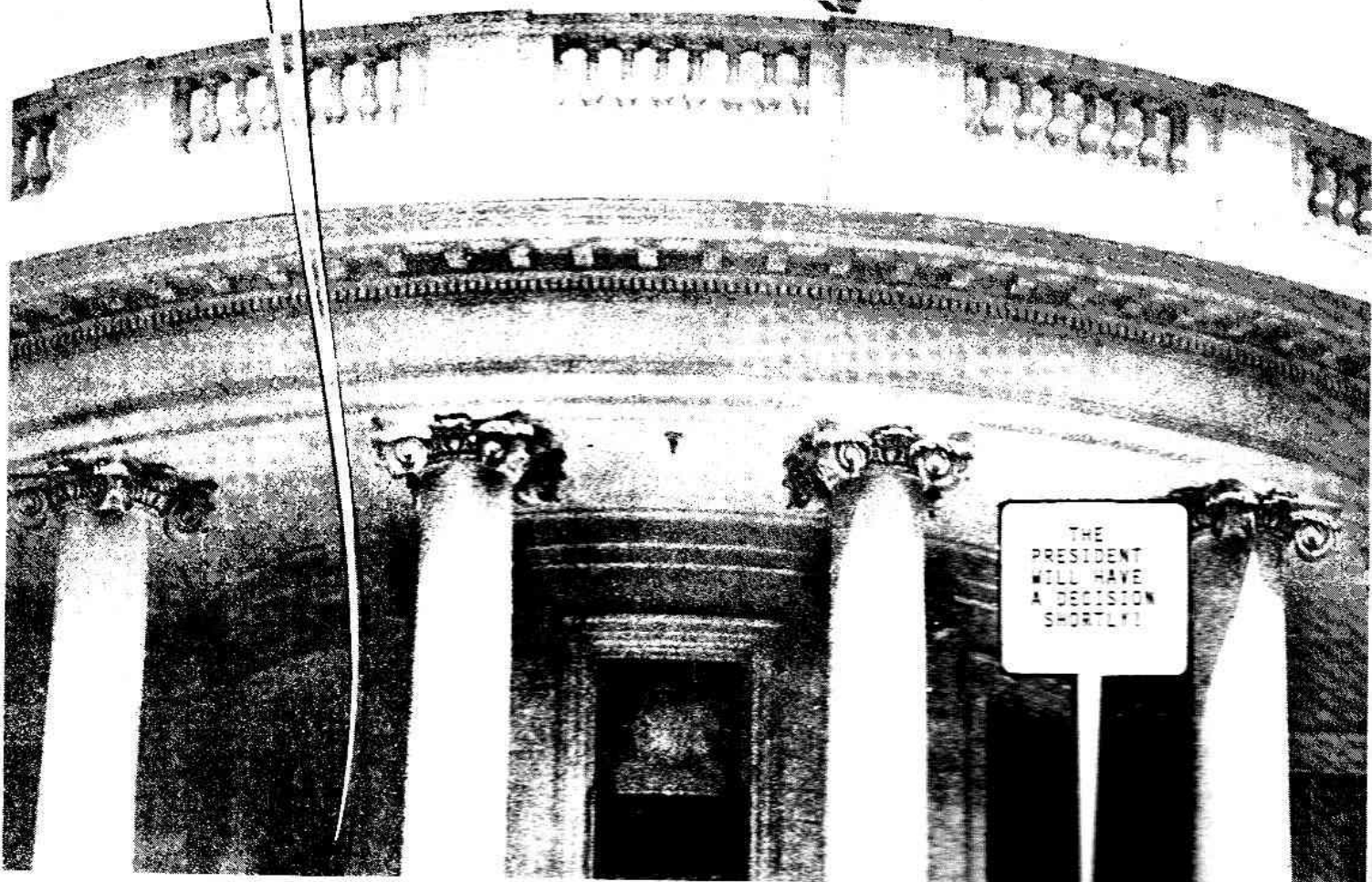
### DANCE OF THE TIN HEADS



RE-MASH  
MARZ CHRONICLES  
MURK & MUNDY  
W-K-R-A-P







THE  
PRESIDENT  
WILL HAVE  
A DECISION  
SHORTLY!

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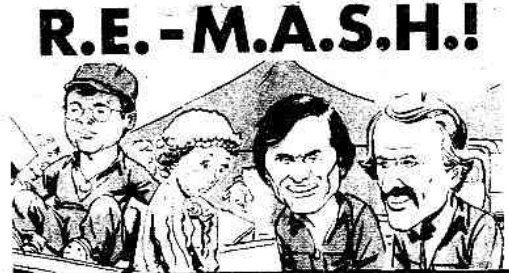
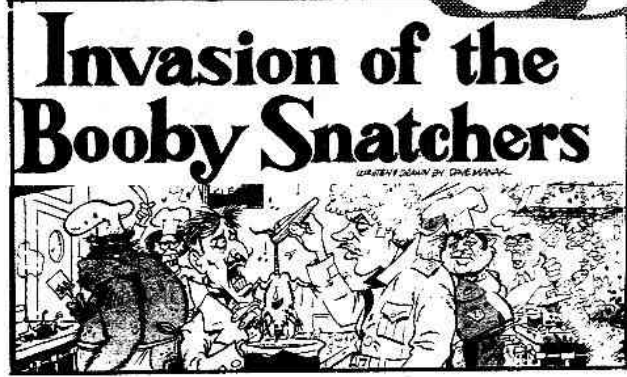
# SICK

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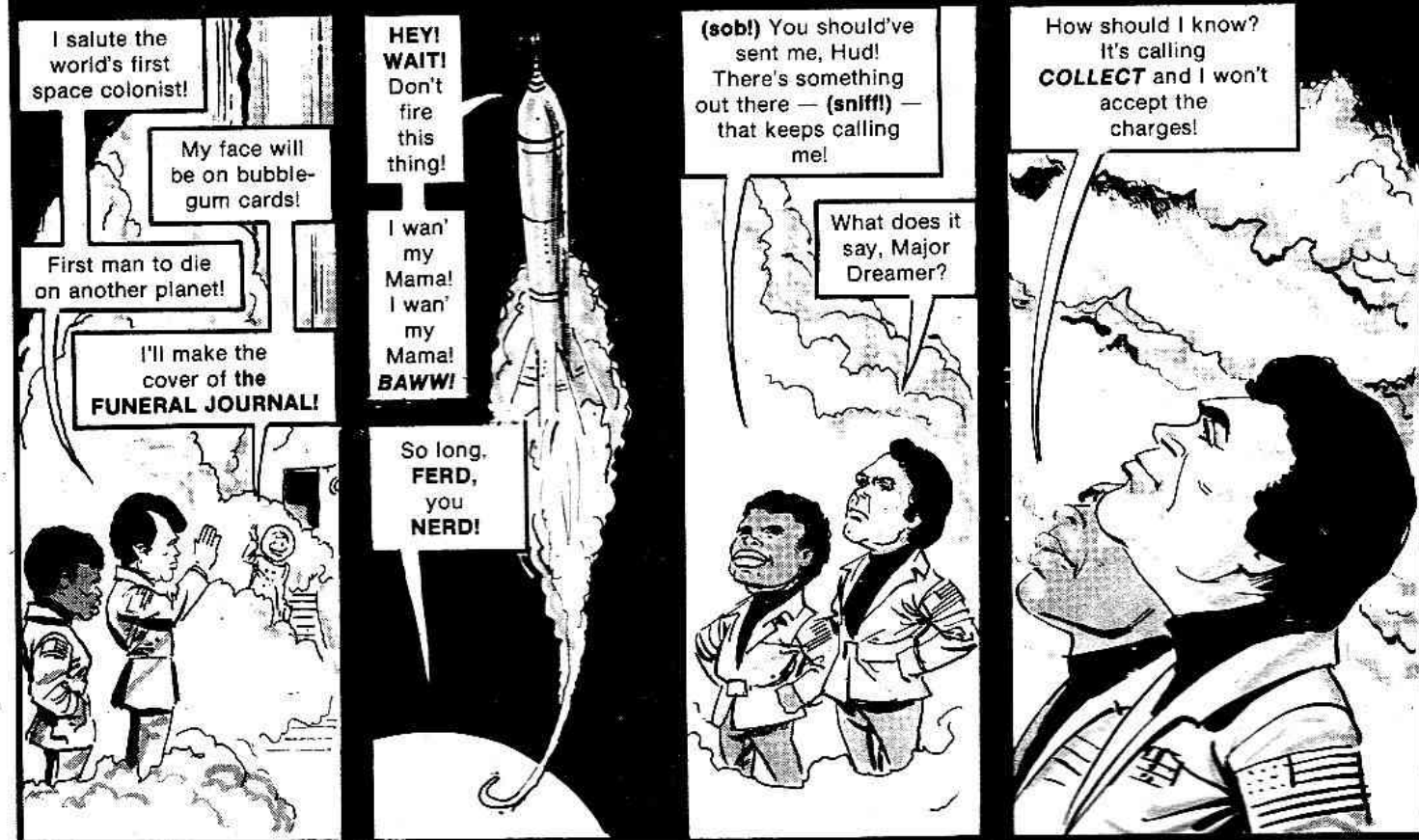
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# THE MARZ CHRONICLES

The year is 1999! Earth prepares to mount its first space colony on the planet MARZ! Two-billion Earth people are still hungry! 500-million still homeless! 14 still don't have color TV! But 8-billion dollars will be spent to shoot one 180-pound loaf of pure whitebread into space! It figures!





MEANWHILE, ON THE  
PLANET MARZ...

I've been lying here for  
115 years contemplating  
fate, the vast unknown,  
and the wrinkles in my  
body stocking! And —

— I've realized  
one thing!

You can get a terrible  
crick in your neck from  
lying in one position  
for 115 years!

OYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY!

Hello, you big, strong  
and handsome thing!

Ahhhh! WIL is dream-  
ing about me!

What big  
ears you  
have!

She's **not**  
dreaming  
about me!

CLEVERLY, THE MARZIAN  
INTERROGATES HIS MATE!

This one you  
call a  
**nearthling**,  
was he  
handsomer  
than I?

Owwww! Yes,  
Ko! He had  
ears — so  
his glasses  
didn't keep  
falling  
down over  
his face!

WHOOOSH!

WHACK!

BOINNNNNNNNG!

AND SO KO SEEKS OUT THE  
SUBJECT OF WIL'S DREAM!

Get away! You're her  
last Tuesday's **night-  
mare!** I'm looking for  
her **today's** dream!

FINALLY...

Y — You're killing me for  
making love to your  
wife in a **dream?**

No, for illegal  
parking! I'm a  
Marzian Meter  
Maid!

## PART TWO -- HEAVEN IS A HELL OF A PLACE!

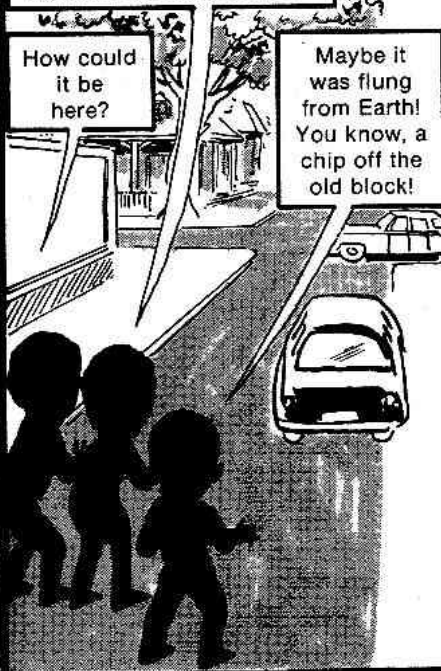
Despite this tragedy, three new volunteers instantly appear — two from a nut house and one from Death Row!

**THEIR ARRIVAL ON MARZ PRODUCES INSTANT SHOCK! IN FACT, ONE OF THEM DROPS HIS TEETH!**

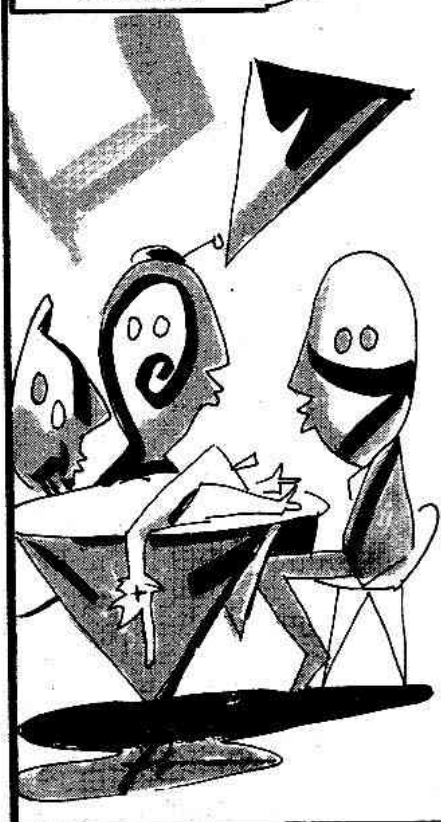
I tell you, it's my old block in Cupcake, Missouri!

How could it be here?

Maybe it was flung from Earth! You know, a chip off the old block!



— looks like a bunch of Picassos!



**MOM!**

**TOM!**

Imagine! His mother's been dead for 20 years!

So what? Her hair style's been dead for 50!



**THEN, AS TOM SETTLES IN...**

Amazing! You look just like a Norman Rockwell painting!

Yes, son! But you're lucky! the family next door —



**AND AS TOM AND HIS BROTHER BED DOWN...**

If my whole dead family is here, this must be heaven! But if it is, where are the harps?

Damn! I knew we'd forget something!



Sorry about the pain! That wasn't your Mom's angelfood cake tonight! That was — poison!

**OWWWWWW!** So was my real Mom's angel-food cake! **URRRGH!**





**PART 2-½ THE DEADLY ZITZ! ... and now the score stood: MARZIANS-4, SHMUCKS-0! Next case!**

AT LAST MAJOR DREAMER COULD ANSWER THE VOICE THAT KEPT CALLING, "YOO-HOO!"

See how clean Marz is, Colonel Sanders! Look at that river!

That's no river! Where's all the beer cans? There's nothin' there but water!

I'm going to find the Marzians! I'll leave Sgt. Gritty with you, Colonel!

No! He hasn't got the brains of a chicken!

You should know, you Kentucky Fried Colonel!

SOME WEEKS LATER...

PTOOOOEY!

Gritty, get your feet out of there and don't spit into the river.

What'n hell you think the fish do, use KLEENEX?

Then die, **PLANET POLLUTER!**

I die — another victim of the **BLEEDIN' HEART** philosophy!

Good work! He was starting to wear extra after-shave and call me, "Sweetie!"

The Marzians all died from a disease our crew gave them!

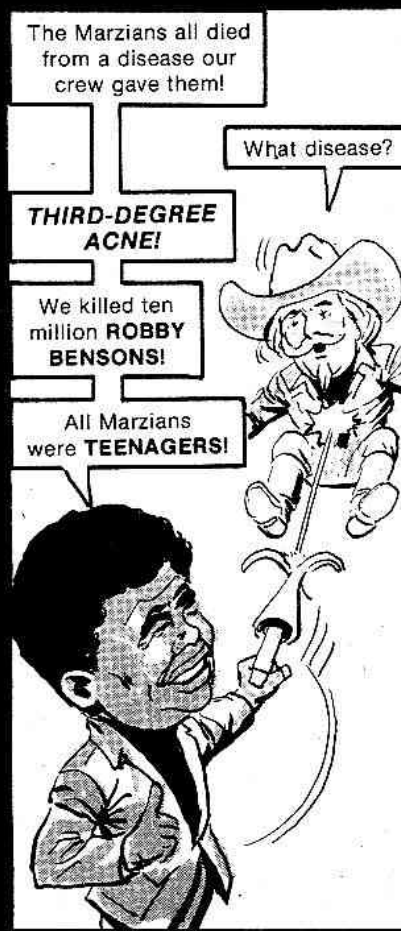
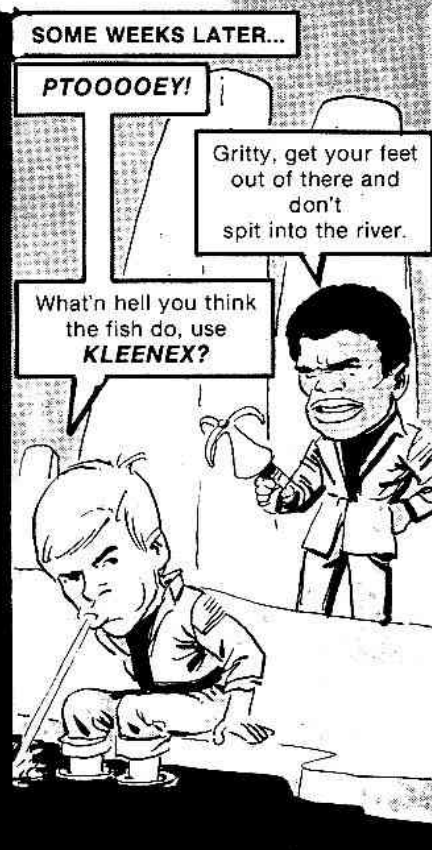
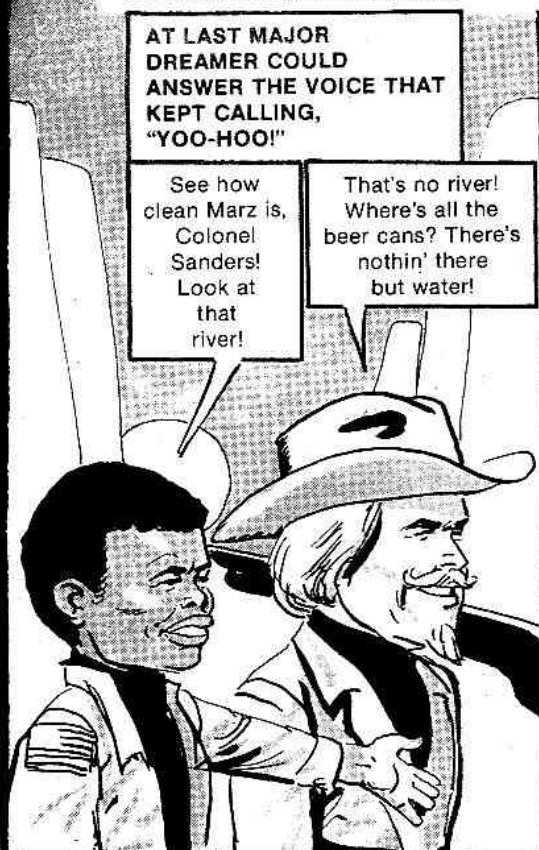
What disease?

**THIRD-DEGREE ACNE!**

We killed ten million **ROBBY BENSONS!**

All Marzians were **TEENAGERS!**

Egad! Another zitz! Then I am — (**ARRRGH!**) — the **LAST** Marzian!



**PART 3-2/3 THE IMMIGRANT-WAVE IS NOT A NEW HAIRDO!**

**NOW THEY CAME FROM EVERY CORNER OF EARTH! BUT HOW MANY CORNERS CAN A BALL HAVE?**

Give your name to the clerk!

Masao Kabeya!

Michael Angelo Pastafazool!

Jacob, Saul, David, Isaac Benjamin Smith!

We can't spell Smith! We'll change that to Abromowicz!

**AMONG THEM WERE TWO CLERGYMAN...**

Brother Blather, give me a hand, please! (GASP!)

Sorry! I must pick some flowers and study those balloons! For I do not believe they are just balloons!

Looks just like plain balloons to me!

Ah, ye of little vision! I think they're a new life form!

Intelligent life — as moral and ethical as we!

That bad, eh?

I still say they're just ball —

Look out! **Avalanche!**

See, They saved our lives! They **ARE** ethical beings!

Coincidence! Sheer Coincidence!

I'll prove they're as religious as we by jumping off this cliff!

If I'm right, they'll save me!

Are you all right?

Yes! But why didn't you save me!

We never saw one of you before! We thought you were birds!



# PART 6-7/8 WAGONS HA!

While Earth approached a suicidal war, Marz prospered!  
Now the rivers were 2/3rd's beer cans!

Don't you worry none,  
Ma, we're right at the  
confluence of two  
great highways! We'll  
be busy right soon!

It's six months, Texaco  
— and we've only sold  
two custards and a  
frozen banana!

Maybe I was wrong!  
Here comes a whole  
passel of folks! Look!

Sure thing, Ma! Jes' as  
soon as I finish  
twirlin' this pistol —

— an pluggin' up  
that hole!

What in Sam Hill  
are those boats  
doin' in the  
desert?

It's the Marzians! Some  
are still alive — and  
fightin' mad!

Jes' 'cause we took  
their land? We did  
the same to the  
Indians, and all  
they did to get  
back —

— was teach us  
to smoke tobacco!

We'll make it, effen the  
horses hold out, Ma!

I don't think they will,  
Texaco! I ran out of  
hairpins and screws,  
so —

— I borrowed some  
of their parts!

That's just what  
them Marzians  
are gonna do  
to us!

## PART 4 WE ARE ALL DREAMERS, EXCEPT REPUBLICANS



Things were really bad now! On Earth, Gypsy ladies refused to read the future beyond 15 minutes! And so Col. "Gutsy" Rockface flew his family to Marz!

THE COLONEL WAS INSTANTLY CAPTIVATED BY HIS NEW HOME!

What's the big deal They're just a bunch of pyramids and balls!

It's Marzian architecture! See the smooth, clean lines?

How do you know it's architecture? Suppose —

— that the Marzians were giants!

Yes! Giants of the spirit! Beautiful people!

No! Just **HUGE!** Then these things might only be — their **DROPPINGS!**

Marilyn, why does everything turn rotten in your mouth?



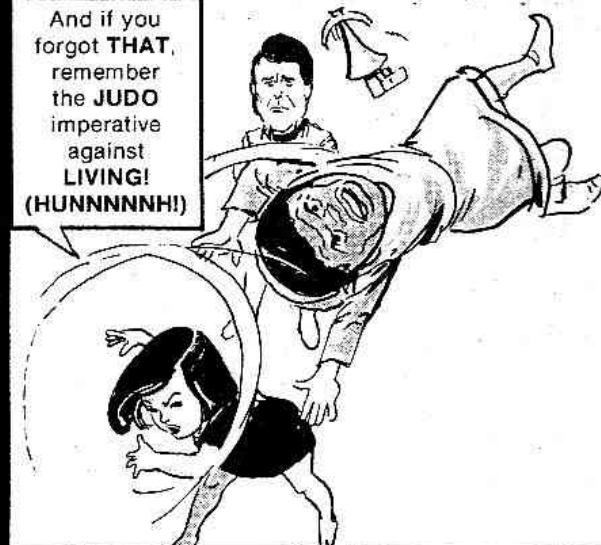
SUDDENLY HE WAS THERE, LIKE SOME DARK AVENGER — OR A HARLEM GLOBETROTTER!

By the power of the Marzian Council, I pronounce you **DEAD**, you **WHITE TURKEYS!**

**DREAMER! ALIVE!**

Wait! Remember the Judeo-Christian imperative against killing!

And if you forgot **THAT**, remember the **JUDO** imperative against **LIVING!** (**HUNNNNNH!**)



Wait! It's a **MASK!**

Look! He was a Marzian!

No! There's **ANOTHER** mask!

Yes, I'm ready to lead you again — as soon as I get my tape recorder fixed!





# PART 5 (OF THIS INTERMINABLE SAGA!) / EARTH GOES BYE-BYE!

No one knows who dropped the first bomb! The U.S. refused to attend the Moscow Olympics — and Brezhnev publicly spit on a picture of Farrah Fawcett! There was no road back!

FOR THREE YEARS, EARTH DEBRIS FLEW PAST MARZ!

My goodness, that was a long climb up here!

I think it's gonna be even longer going down!

Oh, goody, Rockface, I never visited the statue!

We're the only ones left alive! Think of it, we could be the **NEW ADAM AND EVE!**

Skip it, buster! I'm about to have the longest headache on record!



"SOMEDAY THERE WILL BE GREAT HIGHWAYS HERE, VAST SHOPPING MALLS, DRIVE-IN FUNERAL PARLORS! A MAGNIFICENT NEW CIVILIZATION!"

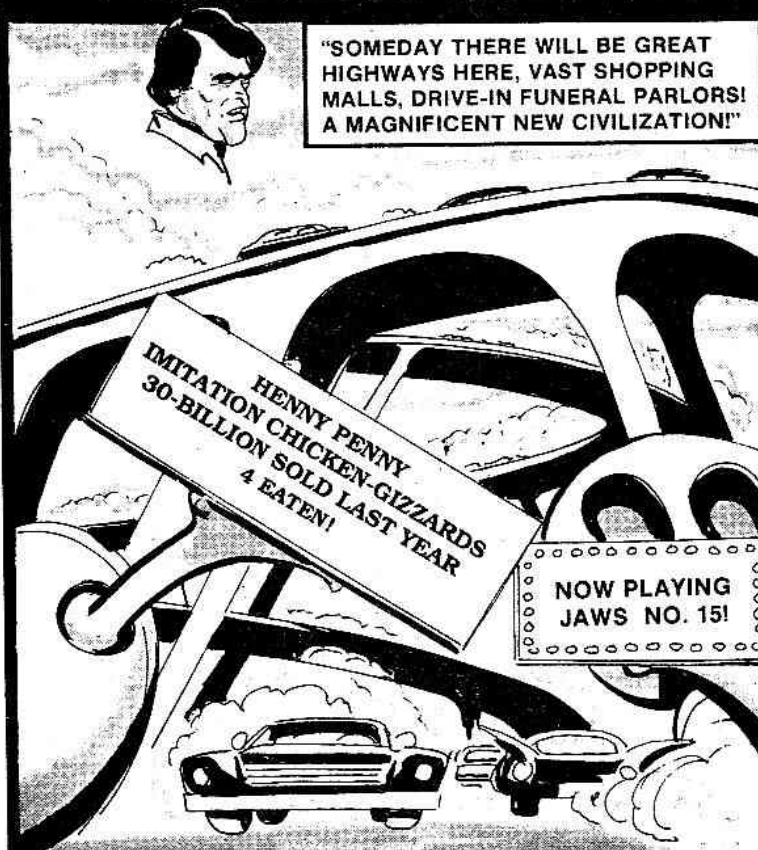
Oh, no you don't! I'm not starting that crap again!

Do you have any last words?

Yes! (GASP!) Phone Guinness Book of Records! (CHOKES)

Tell 'em — (GURGLE!) — I was last man to die on Marz! (ARGH!)

And put a copy on my grave! (COUGH!) Hardcover! Not the paperback, you CHEAP BROAD! (Rattle!)

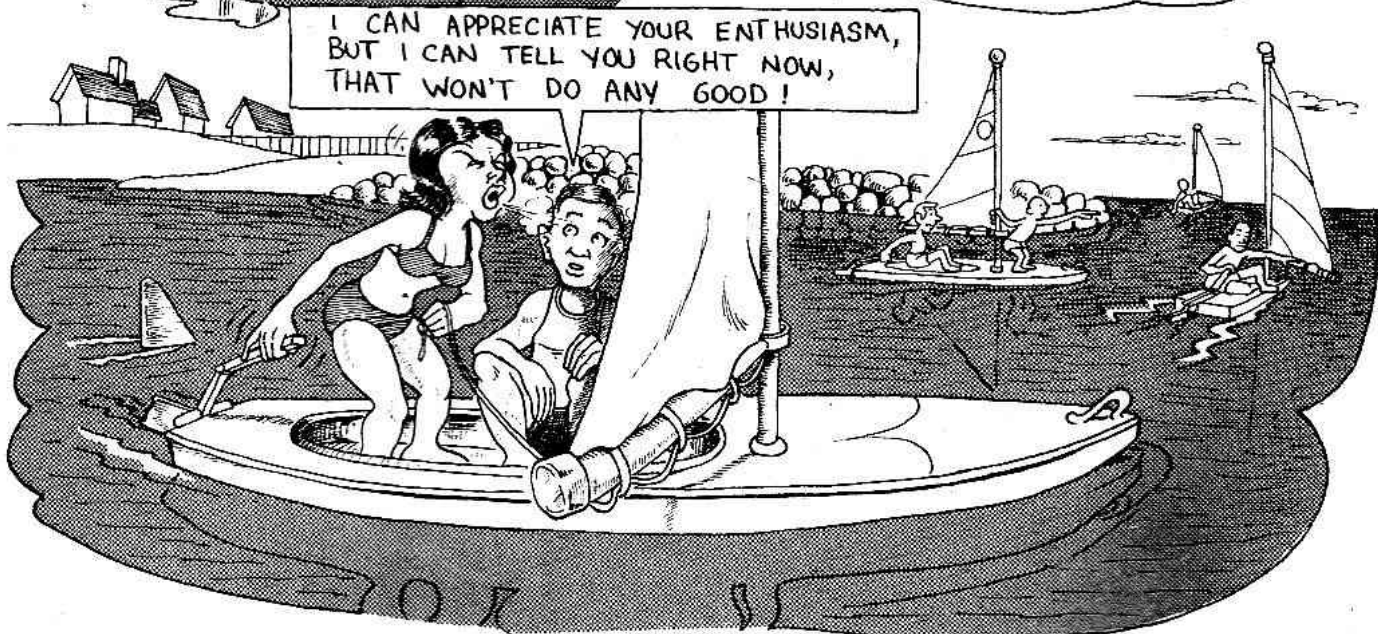
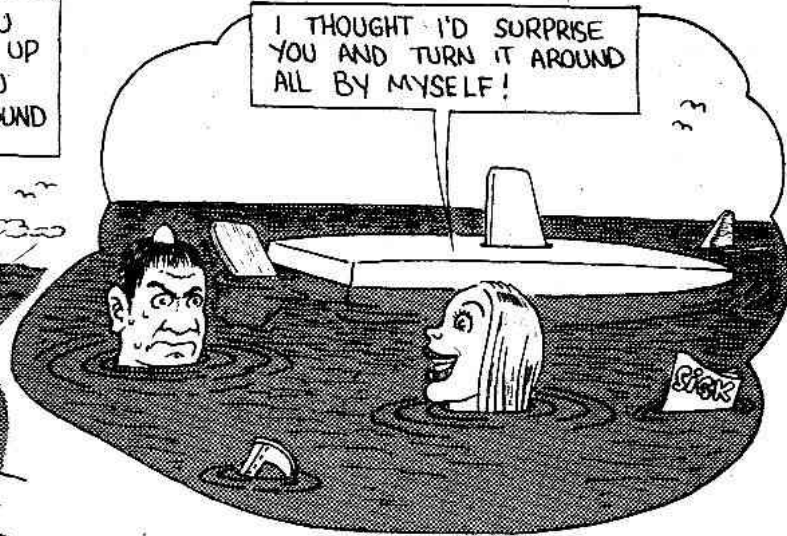


AND SO, AS THE POET SAID, "THERE ONCE WAS A LADY NAMED ALICE, USED A DYNAMITE STICK FOR — " WELL, THAT'S ANOTHER STORY!

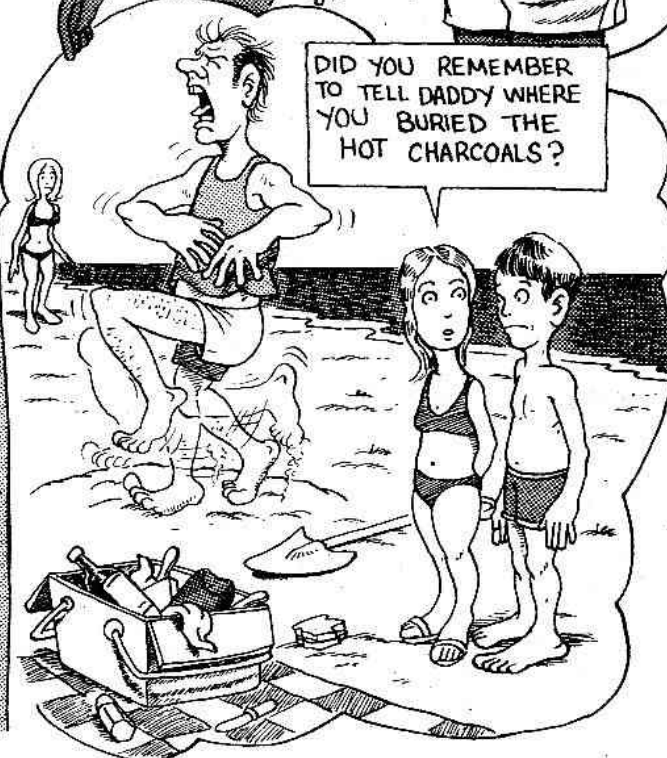
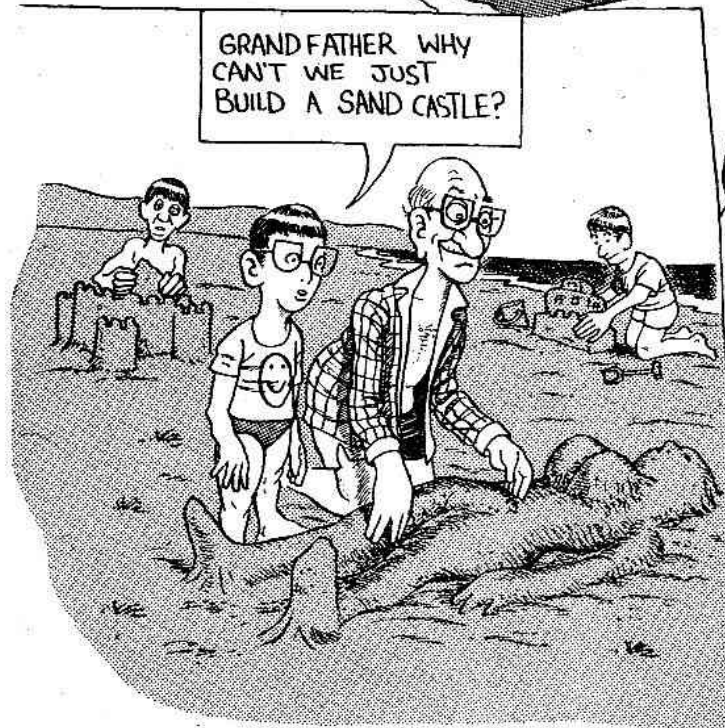
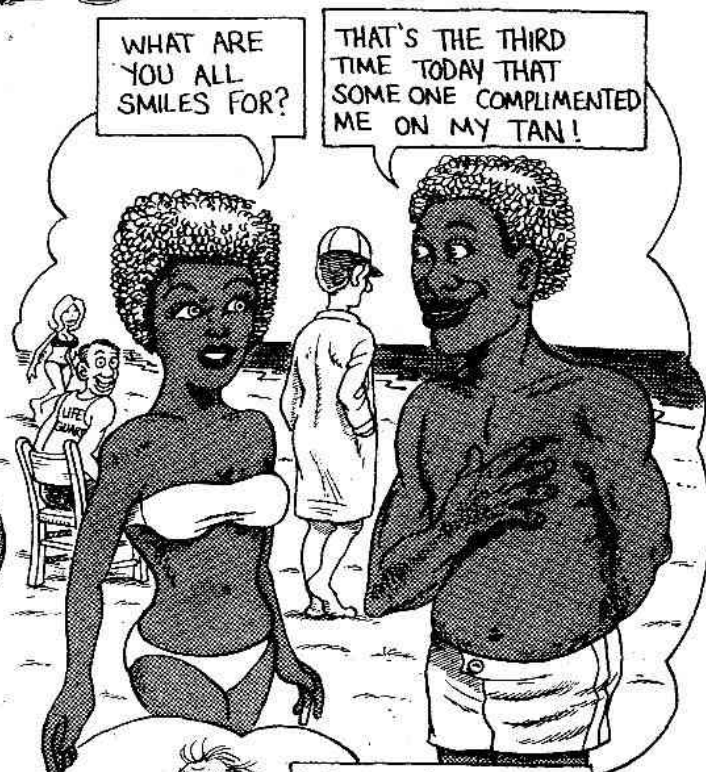
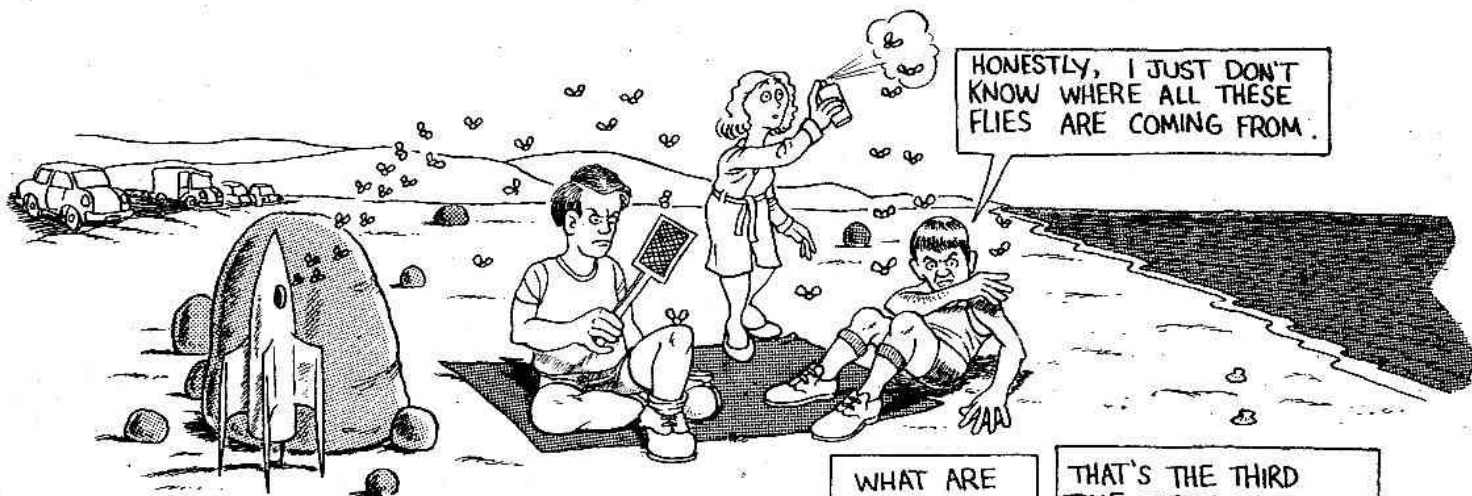
DON'T SAY WE DON'T LOVE YOU, BECAUSE NOW WE'RE GOING TO GIVE YOU...

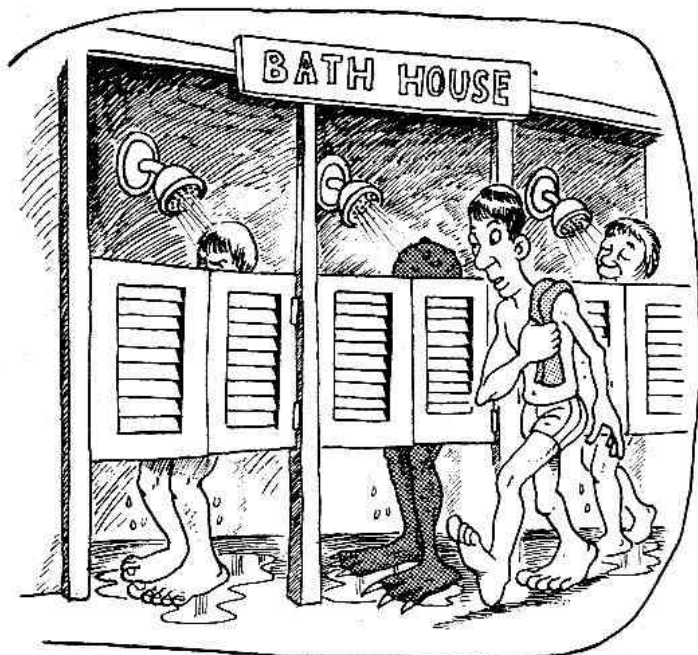
# SEA "SICK"NESS

by Bill Burke









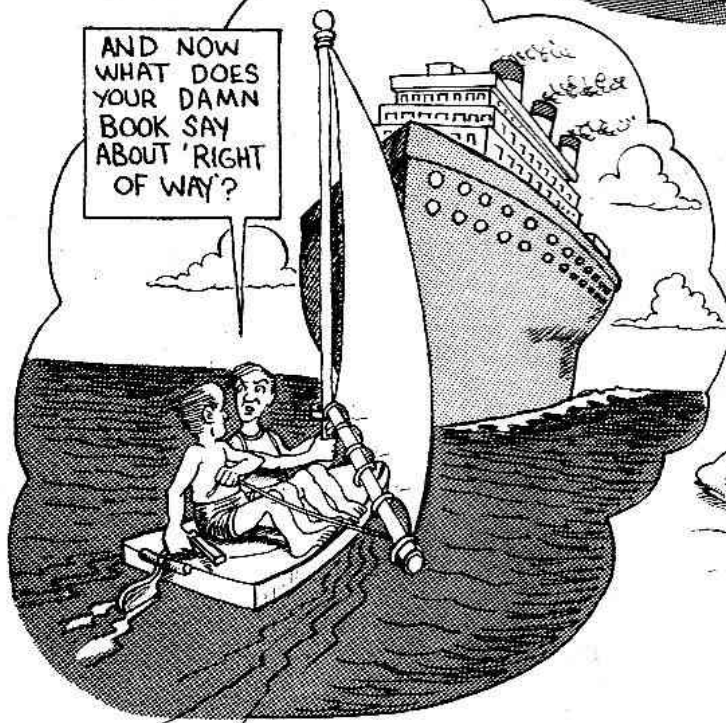
EXCUSE ME, DO YOU KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND THAT \$2.95 'ALL YOU CAN EAT' FISH FRY?



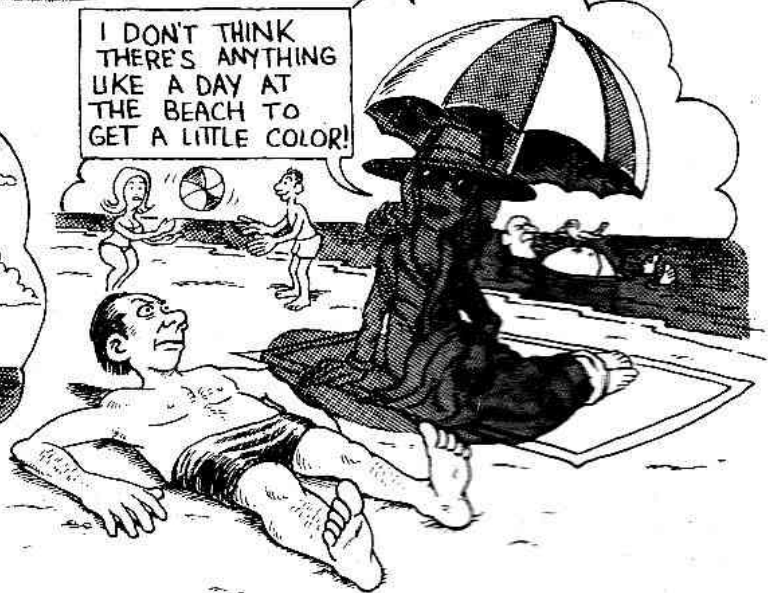
CHESTER, SHOULD I START THE CHARCOALS?



AND NOW WHAT DOES YOUR DAMN BOOK SAY ABOUT 'RIGHT OF WAY'?



I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING LIKE A DAY AT THE BEACH TO GET A LITTLE COLOR!

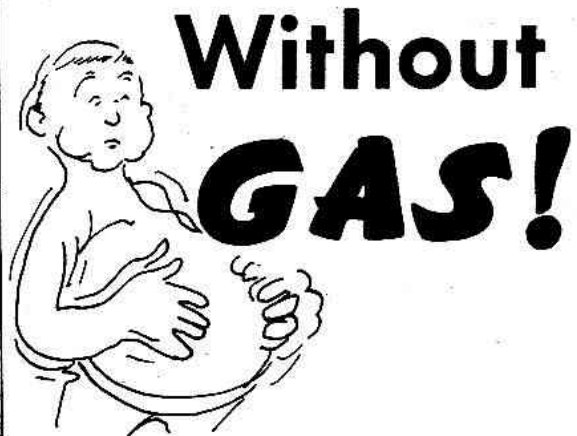




# SICK'S BOOK SHELF

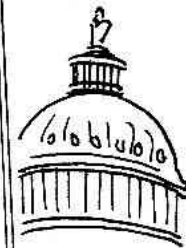
**FIRE**  
**CONGRESS**  
**FOR**  
**HEAT!**

HOW TO LIVE



**A**  
**Depression**  
**is a**  
**PSYCHIATRIST'S**  
**DREAM!**

**GET A**  
**NO**  
**LEAD**  
**CONGRESS**



**INFLATION**  
**Is a**  
**9**  
**Letter**  
**WORD!**

**Read**  
**SICK**  
**For a**  
**Real**  
**Depression!**

# R.E.-M.A.S.H.!

RETURN ENGAGEMENT OF  
MOST ANCIENT SERIES HIT

SINCE **MASH** FIRST  
APPEARED, 40 MILLION  
AMERICANS GREW FROM  
SILLY CHILDREN TO  
**SILLIER ADULTS!** BUT,  
AS DOUG MacARTHUR  
SAID, "OLD ACTORS  
NEVER DIE — THEY JUST  
GO ON RE-RUNS!"

Mail Call at M.A.S.H. 107 — also known as  
**MARX BROTHERS GENERAL HOSPITAL!**

Klinger!  
Package  
from  
'M'lady's  
Modes!

Major Burns,  
your **JUNIOR**  
FBI card  
arrived!

Captain Pierce, one  
inflatable girl  
doll!

It's a full  
length portrait  
of my mother!  
Cost me a  
fortune!

Must have cost  
her a head-cold!



Ahh! My  
hometown  
daily, with  
the last  
chapter of  
the chicken  
gumbo  
recipe!

They  
**SERIALIZE**  
recipes?

Everything's  
a touch  
slower back  
home. Xmas  
comes in  
March —

— with Santa  
drawn by six  
snails!

A statement  
from "Goofball"  
McNerd —

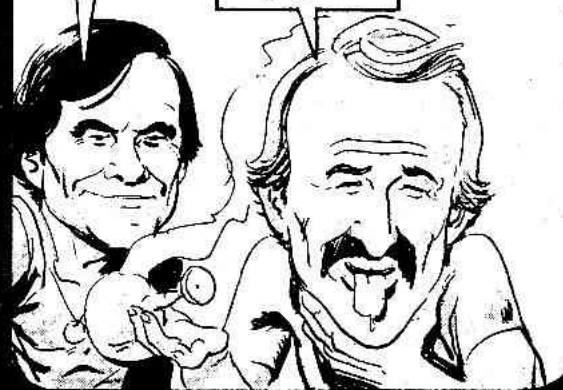
No, the State  
Senator!

**GOOFBALL?**  
The town  
idiot?

He says, "I  
speak for  
our fighting  
men —"

Hey, Only our  
fighting men  
can speak  
for our  
fighting men!

**(CHOKEL)**  
True! Except  
for me! I've  
already been  
spoken for —  
by my wife!



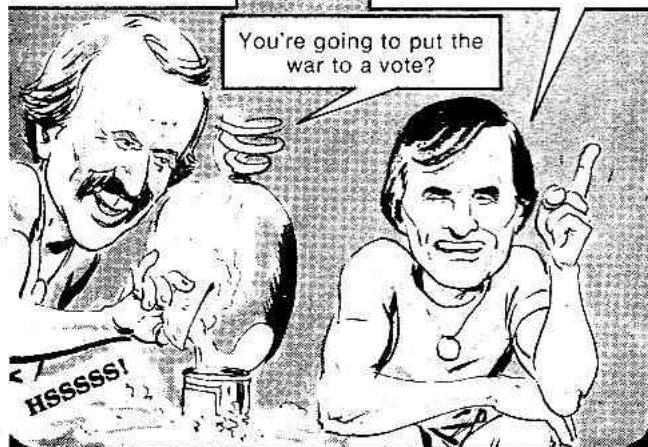
Let the fighting  
men speak! We'll  
hold a referendum!

**Proposition 1:** Resolved,  
the war should end  
tomorrow!

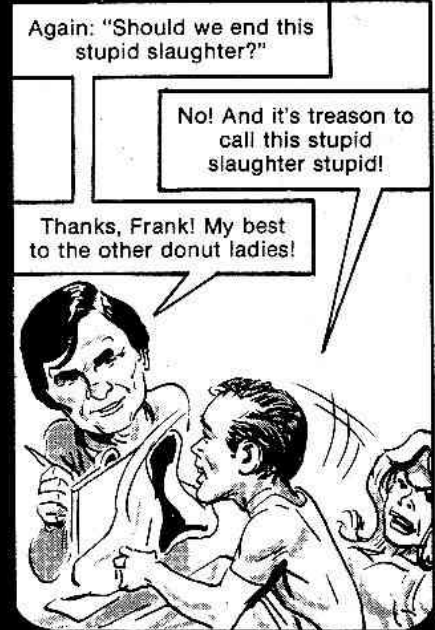
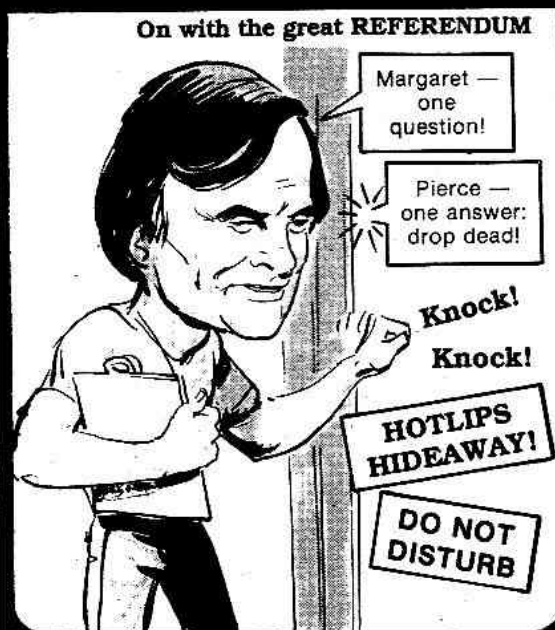
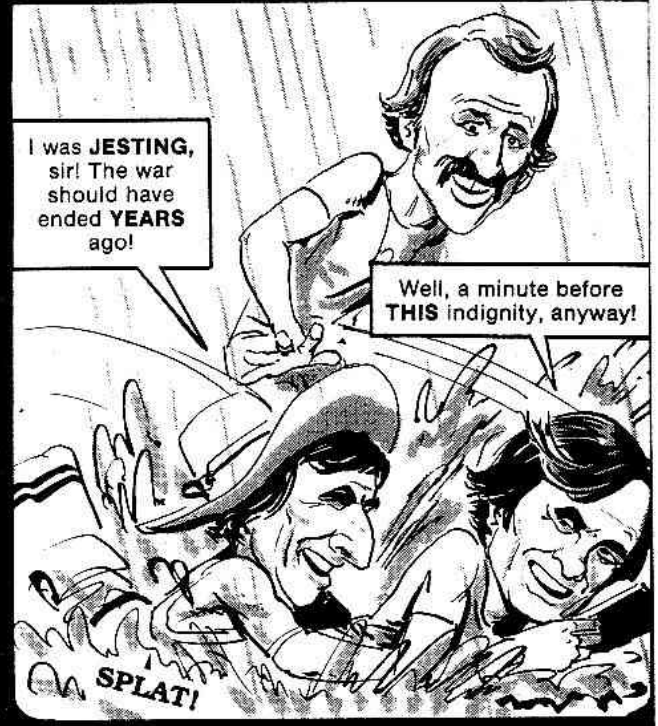
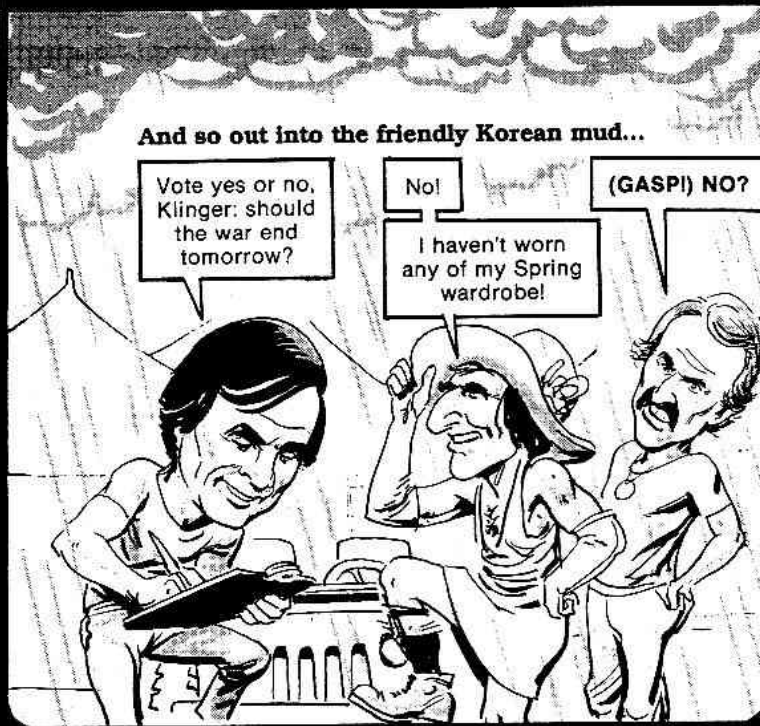
You're going to put the  
war to a vote?

"Democracy at the  
Front Lines!" I'll  
make the cover  
of **TIME!**

Doubtful! But you're  
bound to make **SICK!**  
They'll print **ANYTHING!**







Father, can you help me with a poll I'm taking?

That depends on how **BIG** the pole is and how **FAR** you're tak —

— Oh! You mean a **SURVEY!** Silly of me!



Answer this proposition —

— well, as a priest, I receive few propositions, so —

— ooops! I did it again, didn't I?



Resolved: We should end the war tomorrow!

The good book says, "Blessed are the peacemakers — "

— but it also says, "An eye for an eye!"



Our optometrist says, "An eye for **THREE BUCKS** — a **FULL** examination for **FIVE!**"

**ATTENTION ALL PERSONNEL — HERE COME THE CHOPPERS!**

See you in church, boys!



Later, as Hawkeye reviews the wounded...

Where do you stand on the war, son?

Major — he's dead!

Oh, then mark him, "Abstained!"

Yes, sir! It's all that blood he lost!



I'd make a good doctor, if I could stand the sight of blood!

Then become a psychiatrist!

I can't stand tears, either!



Pierce, how **DARE** you question your government?

Frank, in a democracy, **YOU** are the government!

God forbid!







That night...

Pierce seriously intends to send his survey to all the papers!

No responsible editor would print it!

No, but the ones who run newspapers might!

Next Morning...

I'm out of envelopes. Buy some for me and address this before mailing, Radar! It's urgent!

I've got an urgent one, too, Major! A fan-letter to Lassie, the star dog!



So I'll steal it! From Radar's mail sack!

Don't worry! I've got one of my clever plans!

That sounds dangerous!

Now I KNOW it's dangerous!

SOON...

HALT, American dog! I am DEADLY LEE, Korean bandit!

Don't shoot! Don't shoot!

HA-HA! He BOUGHT it!



I didn't want you to shoot because —

— you're a lousy shot, Major Burns! You might have hurt yourself!

(GULP!) How'd you know it was me, Radar?

1st, Koreans can't say I's, so they say, "Deadry Ree!"

An understandable error!

2nd, you used a surgical mask instead of —

HAIR splitter!







# SUPER-COOL! AT THE PAD!

by David Allikas



LIKE IT WAS A BAD SCENE ON THAT NIGHT IN '68, THE FUZZ HAD RUDELY RAIDED OUR BLEECKER STREET ESTATE, THEY'D FOUND OUR STASH OF Mescaline, AND DUG IT WASN'T TEA-- IT LOOKED LIKE THEY WOULD RAID UNTIL THEY FOUND OUR LSD.



A CHICKEN FEW GOT UP TO RUN. THEY MADE IT TO THE STREET, BUT THERE WUZ NARCOS ALL AROUND US -- MAN, THEY HAD US BEAT! WE HAD JUST ONE HOPE LEFT TO GROOVE, AND THAT WUZ SUPER-COOL, BUT IT LOOKED LIKE HE WUZ NOPLACE NEAR OUR PAD, THE HOPPED-UP FOOL!



THEN FROM THREE DOZEN FREAKED-OUT  
THROATS CAME A CRAZY CRY,  
IT BOUNCED OUR GRASS AROUND AND KNOCKED  
OUR HASHISH PLANTS AWRY,  
IT SENT THE MORNING-GLORY GREENHOUSE  
FLYING OFF THE STOOL,  
'CUZ TEARING DOWN THE BLOCK JUST THEN  
WUZ MIGHTY SUPER-COOL!



THERE WUZ EASE IN SUPER'S STYLE AS HE  
TRUCKED ON DOWN THE STREET.  
THERE WUZ HAIR ON SUPER'S SHOULDERS;  
THERE WUZ DIRT ON SUPER'S FEET.  
AND WHEN, REACTING TO THE CHEERS, HE  
SHOOK HIS MANGY BEARD,  
NO SQUARE UPON THE BLOCK COULD DOUBT  
THE PIGS WOULD NOW BE SMEARED!





THE SMILE'S GONE FROM SUPER'S FACE AS  
HE BEGINS TO POUND  
THE HEADS OF SEVEN PIGS UPON THE ROACH  
INFESTED GROUND!  
BUT THIRTEEN MORE ARE CLIMBING ON HIS  
BACK, AND ON HIS HANDS  
PLACE IRON CUFFS; AND WITH A PLOP UPON  
THE GROUND HE LANDS!



LIKE, SOMEPLACE, IN THIS FREAKED-OUT WORLD.  
THE HIPPIES STILL SNORT DRUGS,  
WHILE LYING DOWN ON MATTRESSES AND  
GOBBLING UP THE BUGS,  
AND SOMEPLACE SQUARES ARE MADE UPTIGHT  
BY HIPPIES PROUD AND DIRTY,  
BUT THERE AIN'T NO JOY IN GREENWICH--

SUPER-COOL IS DOING THIRTY!

A BOARD MEETING OF THE COLUMBIA FRAUDCASTING SYSTEM.

WE DESPERATELY NEED A SENSATIONAL, NEW, CHALLENGING IDEA FOR A SHOW!

I'VE GOT A SENSATIONAL, NEW, CHALLENGING IDEA, SIR! LET'S STEAL THE OLD MARY TYLER MOORE SHOW!

GREAT! BUT WON'T PEOPLE NOTICE THAT?

NO! WE'LL SWITCH IT FROM A TV STATION TO RADIO... AND CHANGE THE TOWN, TOO!

AND MAKE MARY A MAN!

IS THE COUNTRY READY FOR TRANSEXUALITY?

WE'LL USE THE STATIONS CALL LETTERS FOR OUR TITLE! SOMETHING THAT SAYS IT ALL! SOMETHING LIKE....

# W-K-R-A-P Sinsinnati

WE'LL MAKE IT THE ONLY ROCK-AND-ROLL STATION THAT EVER LOST MONEY! THAT'S FUNNY!

RUNNING THE ONLY MONEY LOSING R&R STATION IS LIKE BEING A WALLFLOWER IN A WHOREHOUSE, DANDY!

WE'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO USE NAUGHTY WORDS, SIR!

THAT'S ONLY WHEN WE'RE ON THE AIR! GAD, YOU'RE SQUARE EVEN FOR SINSINNATI!

YES. THAT'S BECAUSE I PLAY MARY'S ROLE!

I'LL GIVE A PRIZE TO THE ONE WHO COMES UP WITH A MONEY-MAKING IDEA!

WHAT'S THE PRIZE?

TWO WEEKS AWAY FROM SINSINNATI!

## WIKRAP

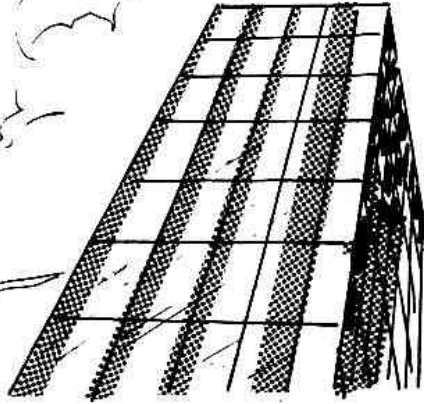




SO WE'VE GOT THE HARRIED  
BOSS AND THE SQUARE HERO!  
NOW WE GO FOR THE CRAZY  
VOTE!

DIG IT, SPACE BUDDIES, THIS IS DR. JOHNNY FEVER  
YOUR ETHEREAL PLAYMATE, DODGING MOONBEAMS AND  
METEORS ALONG THE PURPLE AND CERISE COSMIC  
HIGHWAY---

--WHERE YOU  
GET A TICKET  
FOR NOT  
SPEEDING!  
YEAHHHHH!



AND SPEAKING OF HEAVENLY BODIES, LET'S  
BREAK THREE DOLLY PARTON RECORDS AND PUT  
ON SOME MUSIC!

A FRESH BISCUIT FROM THE R&R OVEN  
WITH THAT BRILLIANT GROUP..

...ROCKY FLIGHT AND THE  
BARF BAGS!

THERE'S A PRIZE  
FOR THE BEST  
MONEY-MAKING  
SCHE....

HEY! STOP SMOKING  
THAT THING AND  
GET DOWN FROM  
THERE!



OKAY. BUT  
BRING ME A  
-- LADDER!

WHAT DO YOU CALL  
THOSE TURKISH  
PIPES, ANYWAY?

HOUKAHS!

YES! AND YOU'RE NOT  
ALLOWED TO HAVE GIRLS  
LIKE THAT HERE, EITHER!



WRITER ARNOLD DRAKE

HI, CUDDLES! I'VE GOT A GREAT NEW MONEY-MAKING SCHEME!

ISN'T COUNTERFEITING ILLEGAL?

THEN THEY SHOULD ARREST YOUR BRAIN!

I HATE DUMB-BLONDE JOKES! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO MAKE DUMB-BLONDE JOKES ABOUT BLACKS?

RUN THAT PAST ME AGAIN, LUSCIOUS! I'M AFRAID I UNDERSTOOD IT THE FIRST TIME!

HERE'S MY SCHEME-- YOU KNOW HOW PUBLIC SERVICE BROADCASTING GETS LISTENER DONATIONS?

NOBODY WOULD SEND US MONEY TO STAY ON THE AIR!

NO! NO! THAT'S THE BRILLIANT PART OF MY IDEA--

THIS IS THE BOSS  
↓

DON'T FORGET IT!

--THEY SEND US MONEY TO STAY OFF THE AIR!

YES, FOLKS, \$10 BUYS YOU A MINUTE OF SWEET SILENCE!

\$3,000 BUYS YOU A WEEK WITHOUT W-K-R-A-P

NO THAT COULD BE THE END OF RADIO!

DR. FEVER, AS SALES MANAGER, I MUST GET THE BEST MONEY IDEA!

HERE'S ONE FOR FREE-- RAFFLE OFF THE RECEPTIONIST!

THAT'S ILLEGAL!

SO IS STEALING-- BUT IT HASN'T STOPPED EKXON!





WHY DO YOU WEAR TINTED GLASSES?

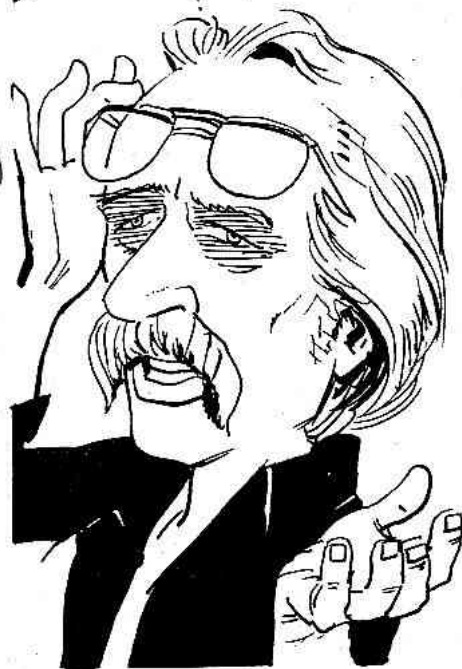
I DON'T, HERD!

MY SKIN IS TINTED, IT RUNS IN MY FAMILY!

THE ONLY THING THAT RUNS IN OUR FAMILY IS THE SECOND FLOOR FLUSH TOILET... ALL NIGHT!

TELL ME, DOC, WHAT MAKES YOU SO COOL?

I'LL TELL YOU, HERD-THE-NERD, MY MOTHER DRANK VALIUM MALTEDS DURING PREGNANCY!



BOY, HAVE I GOT A GREAT IDEA!

WAIT TILL I STRAIGHTEN UP, SES!

IF YOU DO IT IT WILL VANISH!



WHERE DID YOU GET A FUNNY NAME LIKE "SES"?

IT'S SHORT FOR SESQUICENTENNIAL, MY PARENTS MARRIED ON AMERICA'S 150TH ANNIVERSARY!



HERE'S MY GREAT IDEA--WE'LL BROADCAST PROGRAMS OF HIGH CULTURE--SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS BEETHOVEN'S SYMPHONIES, COMIC BOOK CONVENTIONS!

( GASP! )  
ON A  
ROCK  
STATION?!



CERTAINLY! WE'LL GAIN NEW LISTENERS! WHY EVEN I'D LISTEN... AND I NEVER DO NOW!

THAT'S GREAT, SES!

YOU'RE GOING TO BROADCAST SERIOUS STUFF?



NO! I MEAN, WE'LL MAKE SES START LISTENING TO K-R-A-P NOW-- THUS DOUBLING OUR AUDIENCE!

HERE'S A BRAND NEW RELEASE FROM JIMMY CARTER AND THE BORN LOSERS --" I'D RATHER BE WRONG THAN PRESIDENT"!

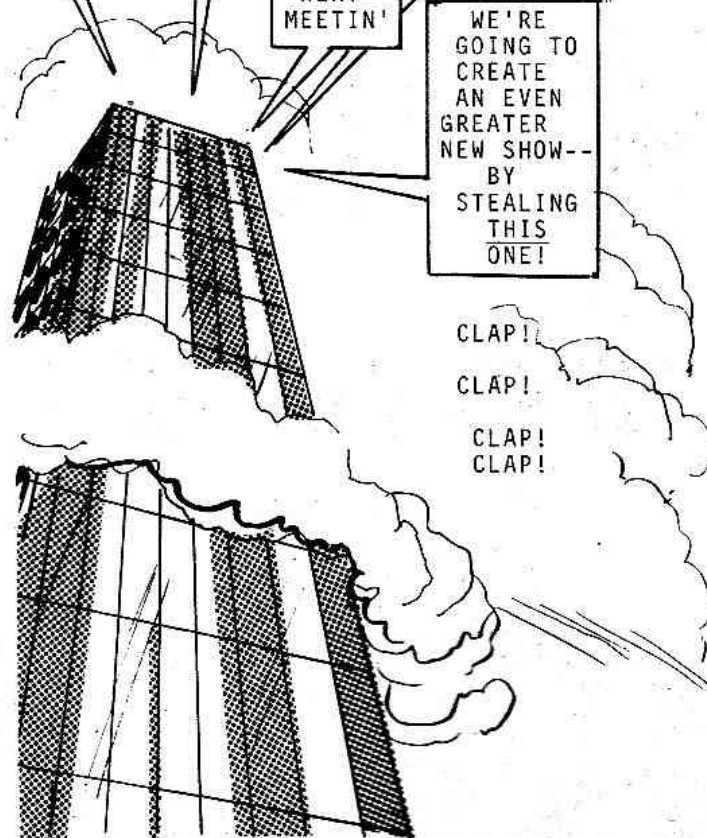
GREAT WORK, MR. BIGG!

IT'S A SURE HIT!

I CAN'T WAIT TILL OUR NEXT MEETIN'

WHAT'S AT OUR NEXT MEETING?

WE'RE GOING TO CREATE AN EVEN GREATER NEW SHOW-- BY STEALING THIS ONE!



CLAP!

CLAP!

CLAP!  
CLAP!



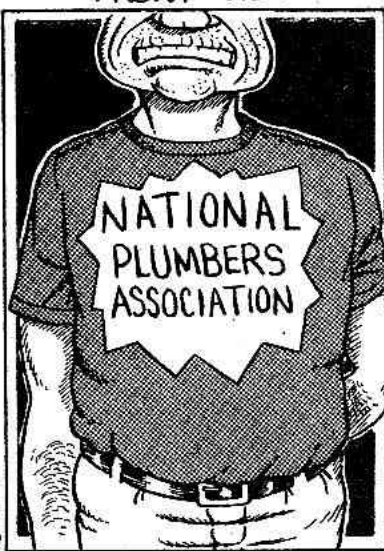
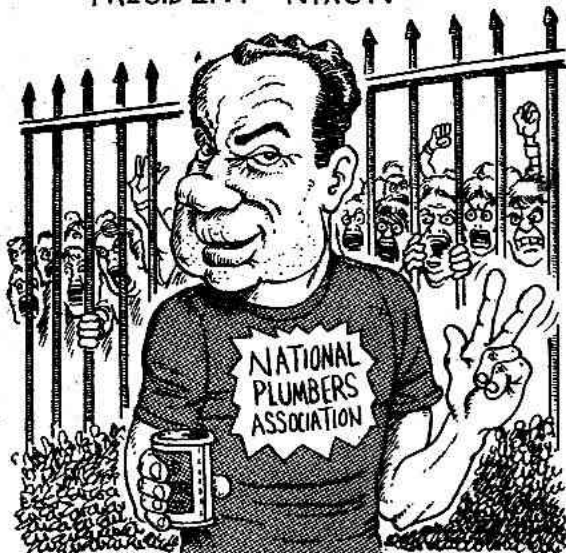
WHAT'S THE NUMBER-ONE FAD NOWADAYS? YOU GUESSED IT ... T-SHIRTS! NOT ORDINARY T-SHIRTS, MIND YOU, BUT T-SHIRTS WITH PHOTOGRAPHS, WRITINGS, DRAWINGS... ALL CALCULATED TO CONVEY A "MESSAGE"... WHICH IS WHY WE ASKED SOME FAMOUS PERSONALITIES TO DESIGN THEIR OWN VERSIONS OF

## SICK T-SHIRTS

PRESIDENT NIXON

FRONT VIEW

BACK VIEW



ANITA BRYANT

FRONTSY

BACKSY



IDI AMIN

IN DU FRONT

IN DU BACK

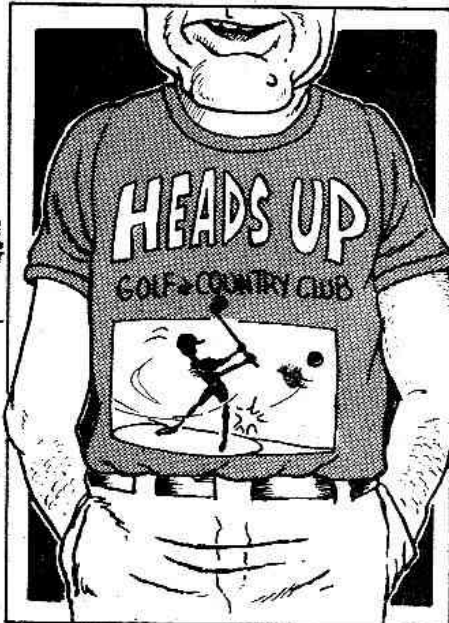


writer George Kashdan

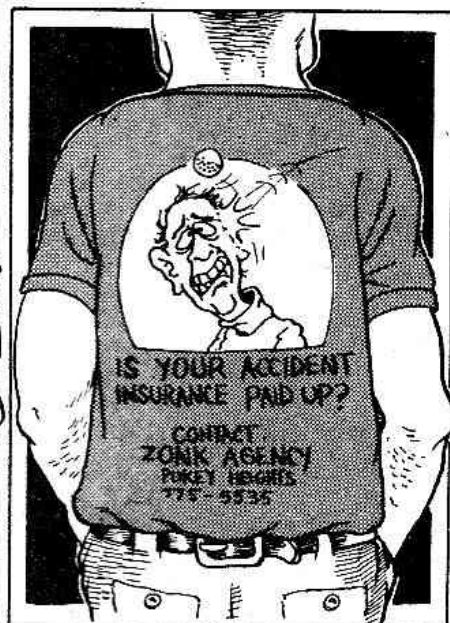
PRESIDENT FORD



FRONT VIEW



BACK VIEW



BARBARA WALTERS



FRONT VIEW



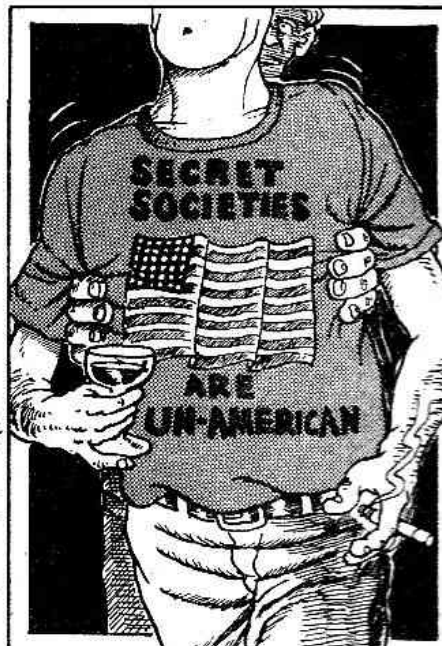
WEAR VIEW



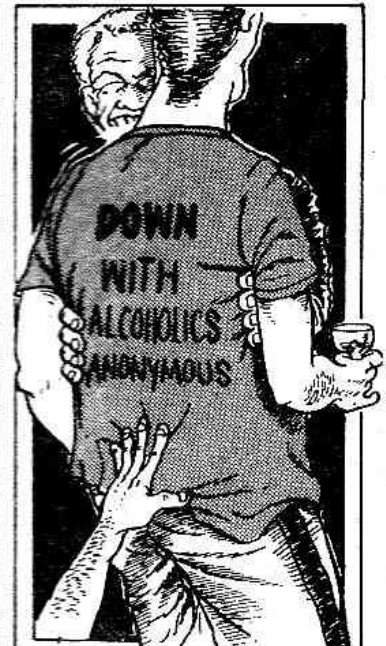
DEAN MARTIN



FRONT VIEW



BACK VIEW





DOLLY PARTON



HERE THEY COME



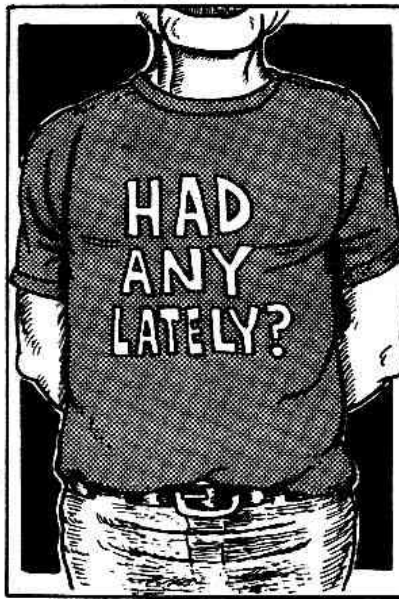
THERE SHE GOES



PRESIDENT CARTER



FRONT



BIHIND



JACK SPARLING



FRONT



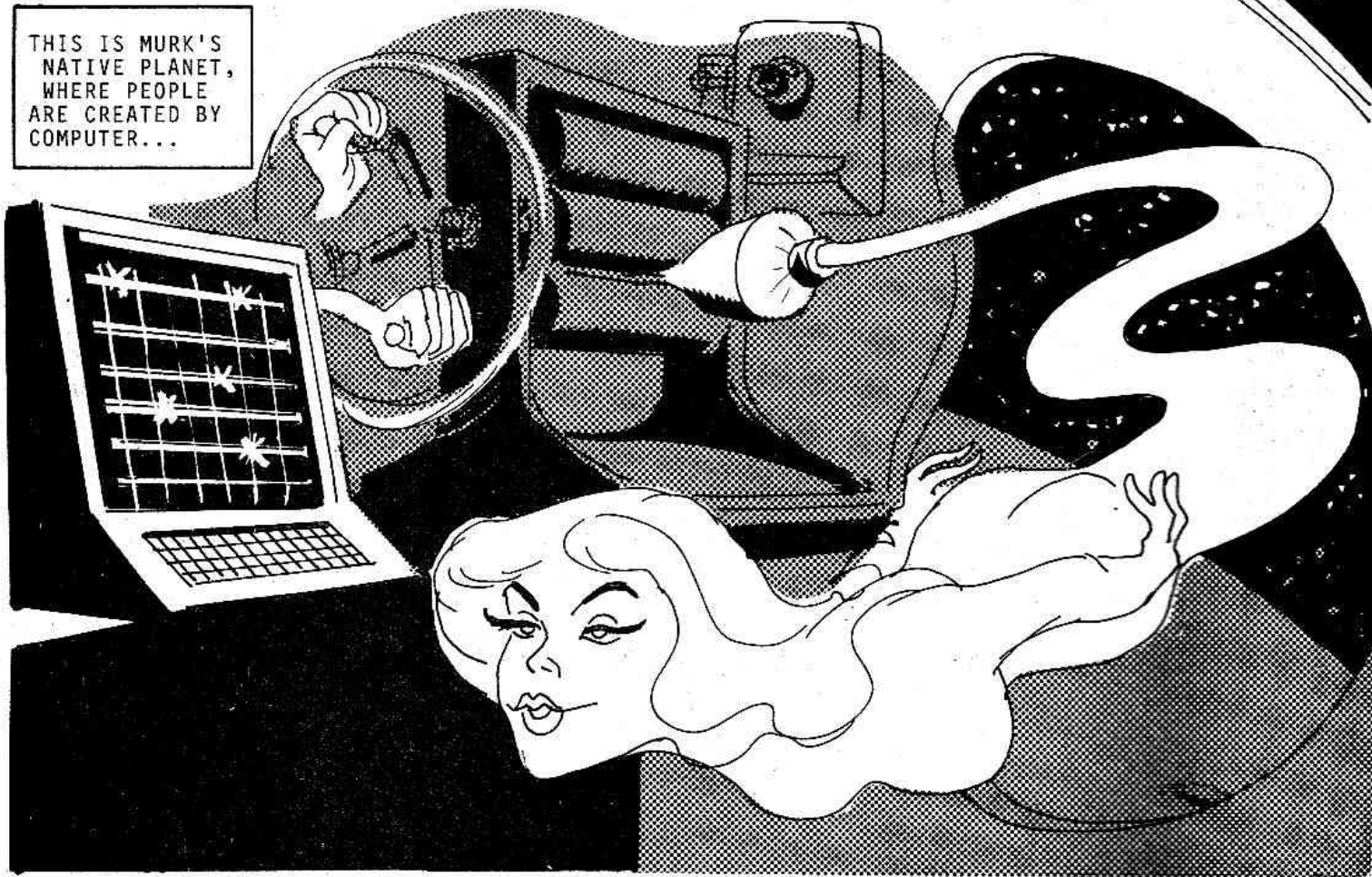
BACK



EVERY NEW TV SEASON BRINGS A HOST OF PILOTS--OPENING EPISODES OF BRAND-NEW SHOWS. A PILOT IS SUPPOSED TO TELL THE AUDIENCE WHAT TO EXPECT IN THE REST OF THE SERIES, BUT MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, THE REMAINING EPISODES HAVE LITTLE TO DO WITH THE PILOT! WHICH IS WHY YOU NEVER GOT TO SEE THE ORIGINAL PILOT OF

# MURK & MANDY!

THIS IS MURK'S  
NATIVE PLANET,  
WHERE PEOPLE  
ARE CREATED BY  
COMPUTER...



REPORT ON OUR  
LATEST SPECIMEN!

SHE KEEPS REQUEST-  
ING A MAN WITH A  
HOSE!

A HOSE? WHAT FOR?

TO PUT OUT  
HER FIRE!

SUCH GIBBERISH!

THIS COMPUTER HAS  
BEEN PRODUCING MANY  
IMPERFECTIONS LATELY!

WELL, WHAT CAN WE EXPECT,  
WITH ALL THESE  
MINORITIES WE'RE FORCED  
TO HIRE!

Writer George Kashdan



AND THAT IS HOW MURK WAS BORN...

AH-H... IF THIS SPECIMENT PROVES AS INSIPID AS HE APPEARS, HE WILL MAKE A PERFECT MATCH!

MATCH? WITH WHOM?

THE AMERICAN TELEVISION AUDIENCE!

MURK DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR PRIME MISSION ON PLANET EARTH?

YES... TO GATHER INFORMATION ABOUT ITS PEOPLE, ITS HISTORY, ITS CULTURE!

YOUR PRIME MISSION, MURK!

TO FIND A SPONSOR!

DO YOU THINK MURK WILL SUCCEED ON TELEVISION?

WHAT KEY INGREDIENTS?

HOW CAN HE FAIL AFTER OBSERVING LAVERNE AND SHIRLEY, DONNY AND MARIE, CHARLIE'S ANGELS-- AND COMBING THEIR KEY INGREDIENTS?

DRABNESS, DULLNESS AND STUPIDITY!

AND SO TO PLANET EARTH...

ZONK!

KRRRAKK!

Oooof!

TAK-A-TAK  
TAK-A-TAK!

OH, OH--I'M UNDER ATTACK... BUT BY WHOM? THE J.D.L.? THE P.L.O.? THE SEX PISTOLS?



MY CHIEF JOB IS TO ADD SEX- INTEREST TO THIS SHOW!

MANDY, WHEN I SEE YOUR FACE, YOUR CHEST, YOUR LEGS--I SAY THANK GOD!



THANK GOD FOR WHAT?

THANK GOD ON MY WORLD WE DON'T HAVE A SEX-URGE!

WHERE I COME FROM, WE MAKE PEOPLE BY COMPUTER!

SUPER! COME HOME WITH ME, AND I'LL SHOW YOU HOW WE MAKE PEOPLE!



YOU'LL HAVE TO GET TO MY IMPULSES, MANDY! I OFTEN BLURT OUT IDIOTIC SOUNDS!

WHY? BECAUSE IT ADDS TO YOUR CHARACTER?

NO--BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY DIALOGUE OUR AUDIENCE APPRECIATES!



SKLANKA FLOOBY KOO!

I BEG YOUR PARDON..?

THAT'S MY NATIVE LANGUAGE!

WHAT WERE YOU SAYING?

I SAID, " FOR THIS I STUDIED TEN YEARS AT ACTORS' STUDIO?"



LATER...

POPS--GRANDMA  
..I'D LIKE YOU  
TO MEET MURK!

CAN WE SELL YOU AN  
INSTRUMENT, MURK?

THE ONLY  
INSTRUMENT  
HE NEEDS,  
POPS, CAN'T  
BE BOUGHT IN  
A MUSIC  
STORE!



MURK IS GOING  
TO LIVE WITH  
ME FOR A  
WHILE!

WHAT?? IN  
UNHOLY  
MATRIMONY?  
I WON'T  
HAVE IT!



GRANDMA! THAT'S  
NO WAY TO TREAT  
A VISITOR FROM  
OUTER SPACE!

IF HE  
DOESN'T  
LIKE IT,  
HE CAN  
STICK IT!



EEE eee! WHEE eeeee!



YOU'VE GOT TO  
BE CAREFUL  
WHAT YOU SAY  
AROUND MURK...  
HE TAKES  
EVERYTHING  
LITERALLY!

I CHANGED MY MIND  
... MURK CAN LIVE  
WITH YOU ANYTIME!

AND IF YOU GET  
TIRED OF HIM,  
HE CAN MOVE IN  
WITH ME!

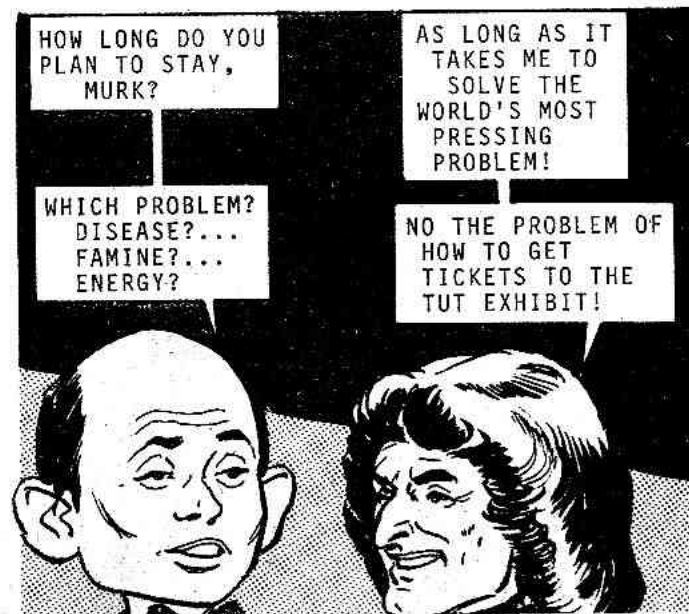


HOW LONG DO YOU  
PLAN TO STAY,  
MURK?

AS LONG AS IT  
TAKES ME TO  
SOLVE THE  
WORLD'S MOST  
PRESSING  
PROBLEM!

WHICH PROBLEM?  
DISEASE?...  
FAMINE?...  
ENERGY?

NO THE PROBLEM OF  
HOW TO GET  
TICKETS TO THE  
TUT EXHIBIT!



AND SO, A FEW WEEKS AFTERWARD..

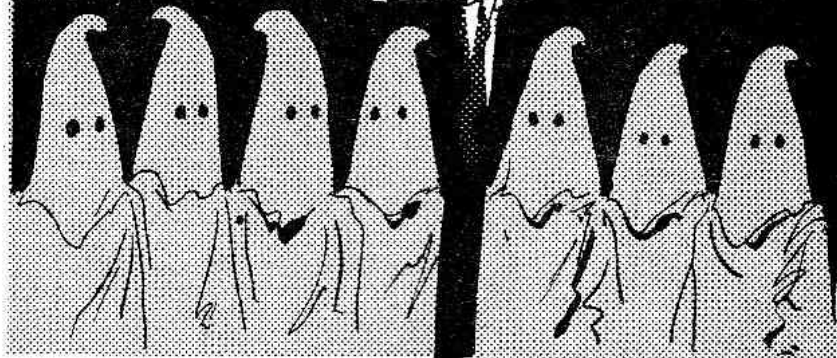
MURK REPORTING  
TO HORSIN!

THIS IS HORSIN..  
READY FOR REPORT!

I'VE MADE SOME INTERESTING  
OBSERVATIONS ABOUT EARTH-  
MEN!



YOU'LL NEVER BELIEVE HOW  
GOD-FEARING THEY ARE!



AND HOW QUICKLY THEY GET TO  
THE NUB OF ANY DIFFICULT  
PROBLEM!

**BOOOOM!**



BUT MOST OF ALL,  
HORSIN, YOU'LL  
NEVER BELIEVE  
WHY I'M STUCK  
HERE  
INDEFINITELY!

TELL  
ME,  
MURK,  
WHY?



OUR RATINGS..THE  
PUBLIC THINKS THIS  
SHOW IS GREAT!

YOU'RE RIGHT,  
MURK...I'LL  
NEVER  
BELIEVE IT!





HI THERE, I'M RUSSELL UPSUM AND SICK HAS ASSIGNED ME THE ENVIABLE TASK OF INTERVIEWING THAT STAR OF STARS, THAT...OH



...THAT VENERABLE LEGEND OF THE MOVIE INDUSTRY. THE MOST FAMOUS RODENT IN THE WORLD. ON THIS, HIS 50TH YEAR IN PICS, SICK HAS GIVEN ME THIS ASSIGNMENT BECAUSE THEY KNOW I WILL ASK THE MOST INSIGHTFUL, THE MOST INTIMATE, THE MOST PROBING QUESTIONS. BUT MOSTLY BECAUSE...



...I'M THE SHORTEST MEMBER ON THE STAFF. SO COME WITH US NOW FOR A REAL SICK...

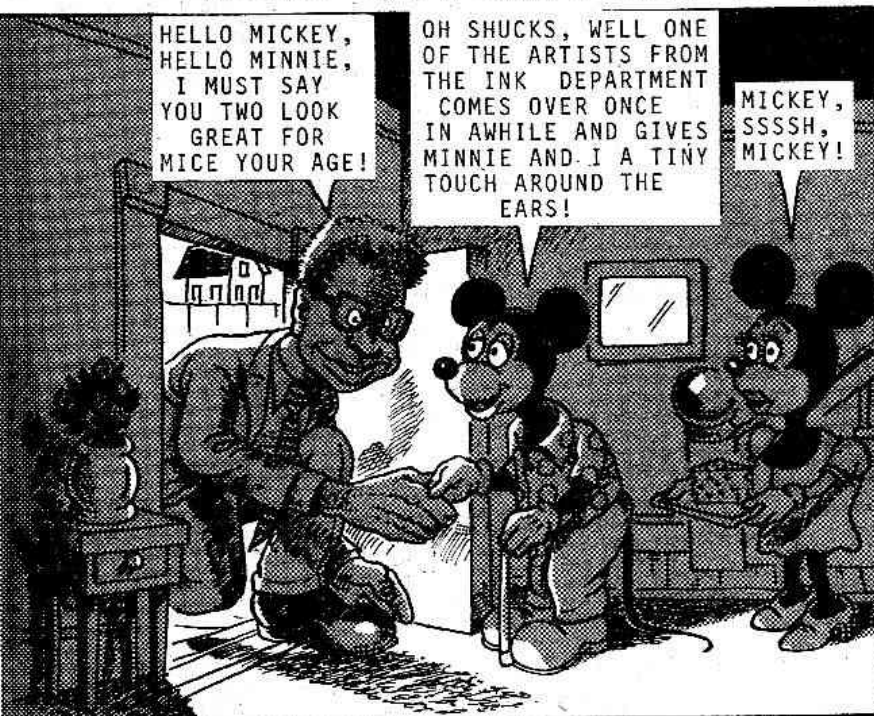


## SICK INTERVIEWS MICKEY MOUSE

HELLO MICKEY, HELLO MINNIE, I MUST SAY YOU TWO LOOK GREAT FOR MICE YOUR AGE!

OH SHUCKS, WELL ONE OF THE ARTISTS FROM THE INK DEPARTMENT COMES OVER ONCE IN AWHILE AND GIVES MINNIE AND I A TINY TOUCH AROUND THE EARS!

MICKEY, SSSSH, MICKEY!



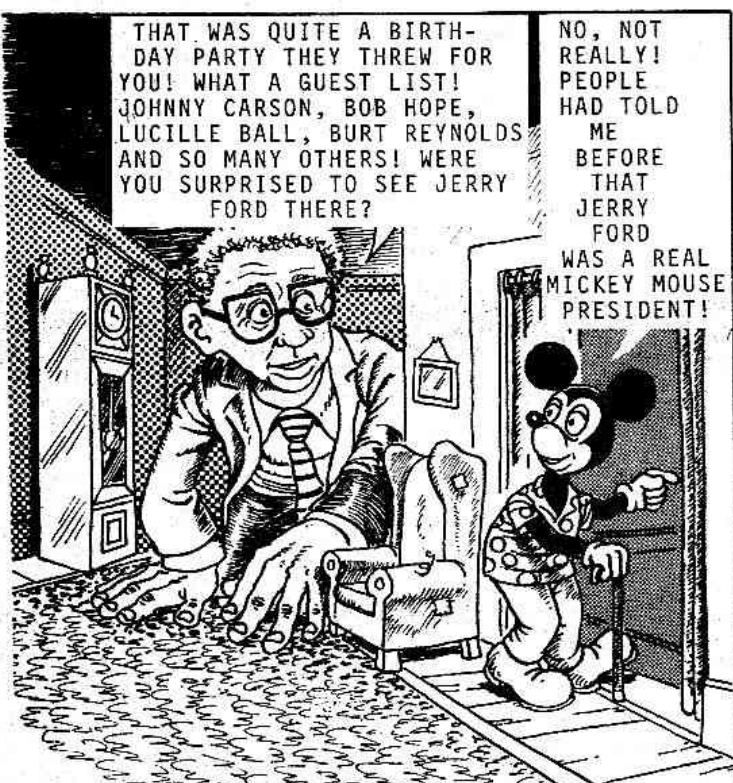
TELL ME, MICKEY, JUST HOW DOES IT FEEL TO REACH THE HALF CENTURY MARK?

MY LINES MAY BE A LITTLE SHAKEY AND I DON'T HAVE MY ORIGINAL TEETH BUT THEN I NEVER HAD ANY TEETH! I GUESS I DON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO SQUEAK ABOUT!



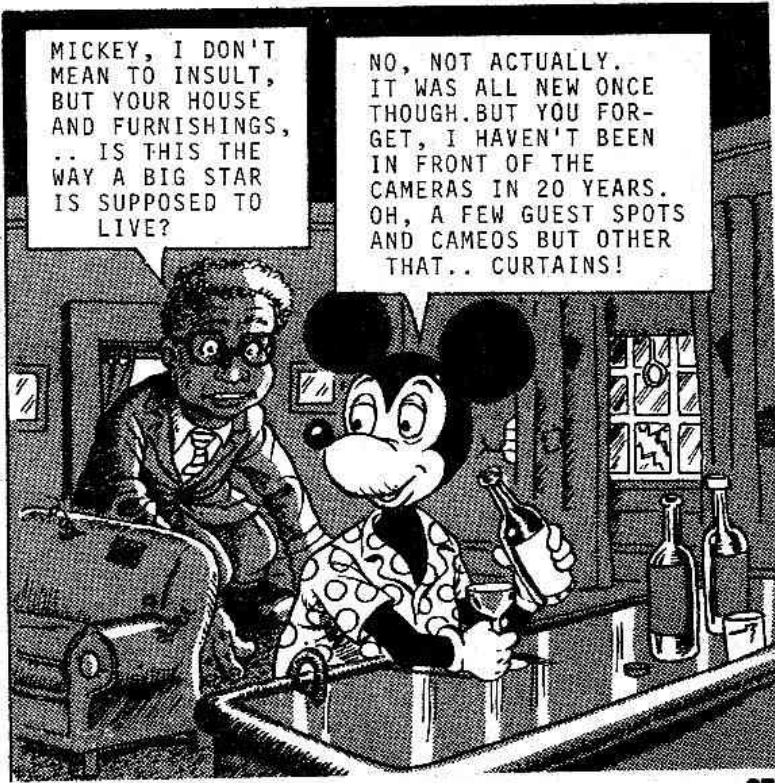
THAT WAS QUITE A BIRTHDAY PARTY THEY THREW FOR YOU! WHAT A GUEST LIST! JOHNNY CARSON, BOB HOPE, LUCILLE BALL, BURT REYNOLDS AND SO MANY OTHERS! WERE YOU SURPRISED TO SEE JERRY FORD THERE?

NO, NOT REALLY! PEOPLE HAD TOLD ME BEFORE THAT JERRY FORD WAS A REAL MICKEY MOUSE PRESIDENT!

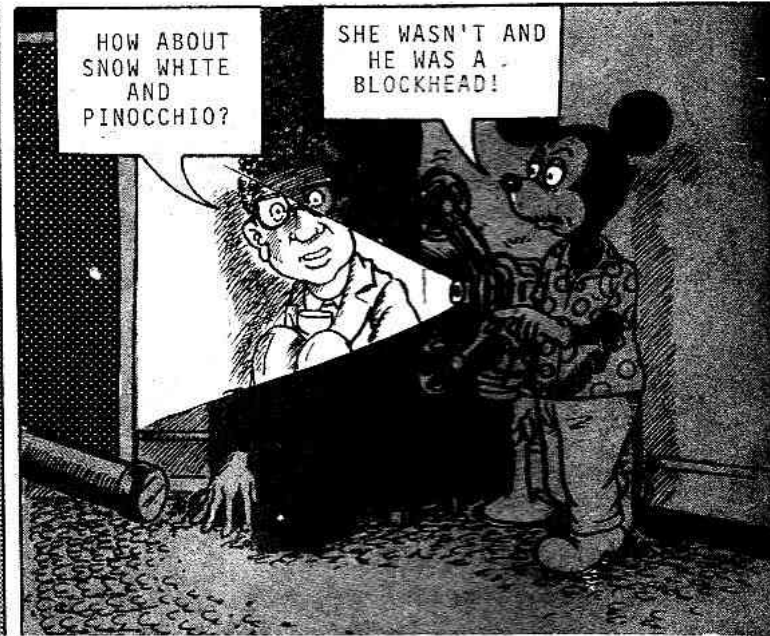
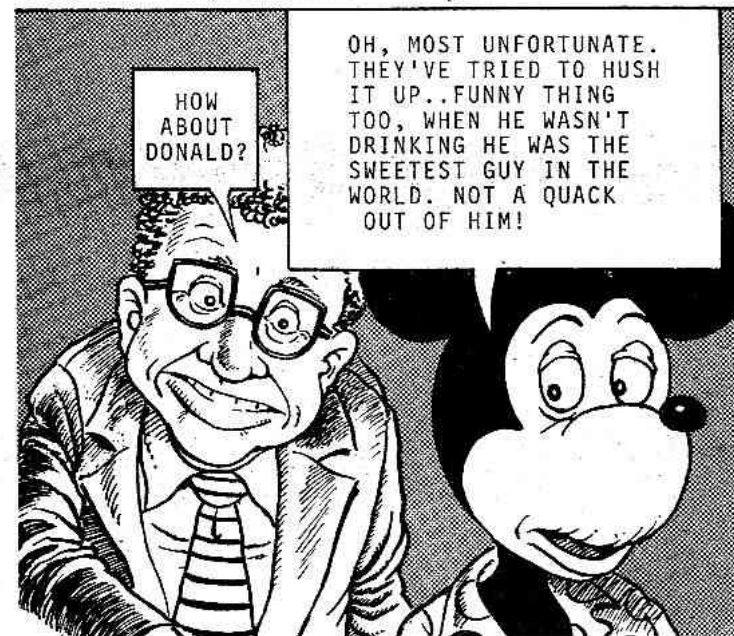
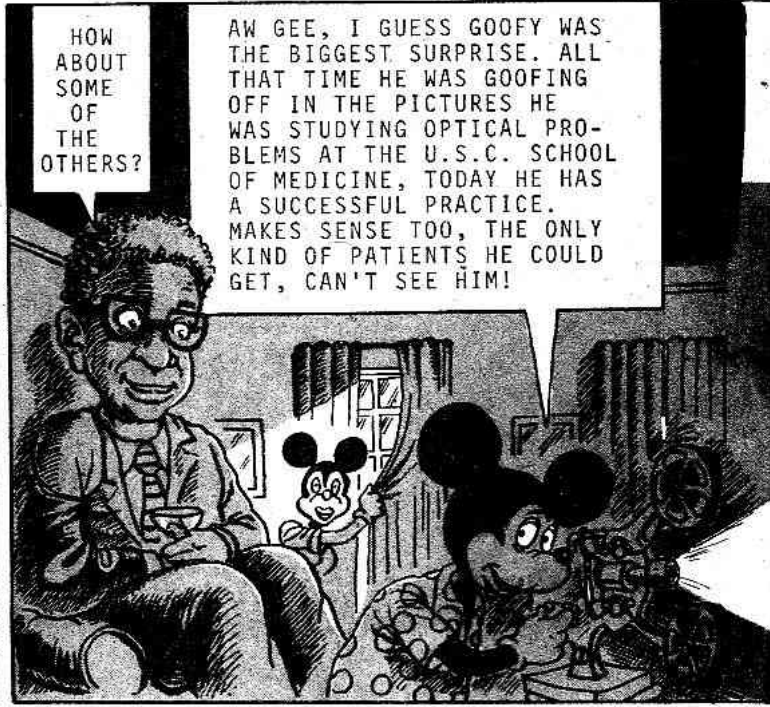
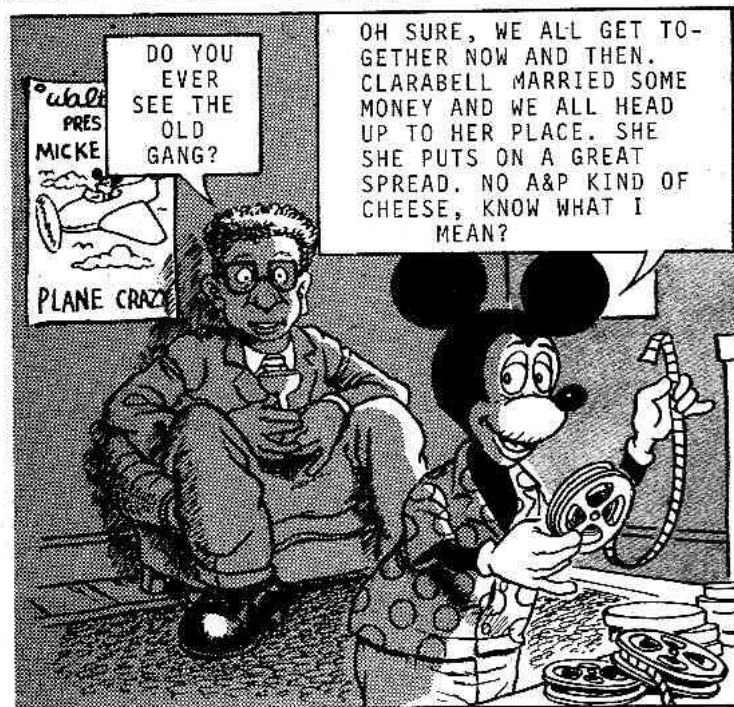
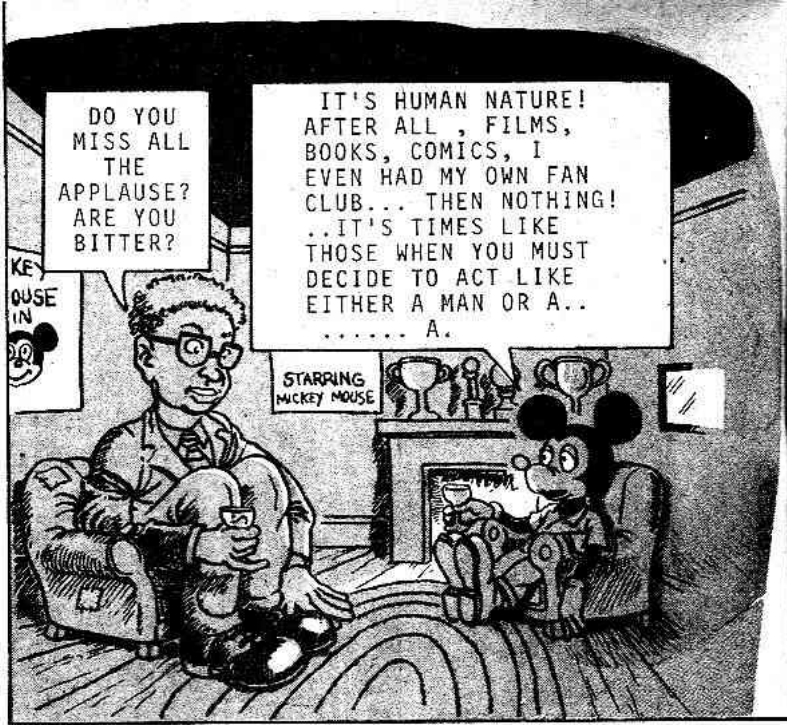
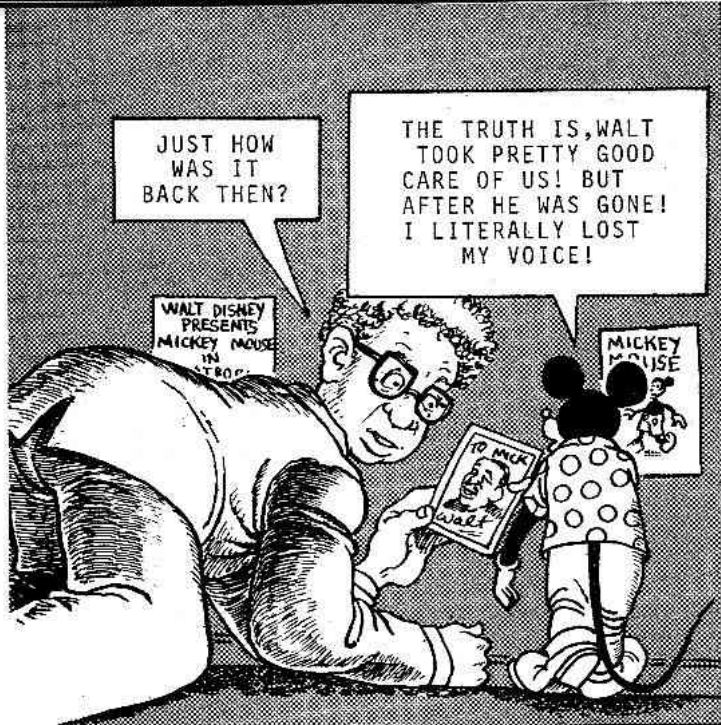


MICKEY, I DON'T MEAN TO INSULT, BUT YOUR HOUSE AND FURNISHINGS, .. IS THIS THE WAY A BIG STAR IS SUPPOSED TO LIVE?

NO, NOT ACTUALLY. IT WAS ALL NEW ONCE THOUGH. BUT YOU FORGET, I HAVEN'T BEEN IN FRONT OF THE CAMERAS IN 20 YEARS. OH, A FEW GUEST SPOTS AND CAMEOS BUT OTHER THAT.. CURTAINS!









HOW DO YOU FEEL ABOUT THE NEW ANIMATION TREND, THAT IS ACTUALLY CUTTING DOWN ON THE NUMBER OF..

IT'S AWFUL! I HATE IT! ALL THAT CHEAP ANIMATION. I'M NOT PUTTING DOWN H&B OR ANYBODY! BUT THEY'RE CRAZY IF THEY THINK THEY CAN JUST..

MAYBE WE'D BETTER PURSUE A DIFFERENT LINE OF QUESTIONS. TELL ME, ARE THERE ANY MICE THAT MAKE YOU LAUGH?

THEY ALL DO! TOM OR IS IT JERRY? MEEK MOUSE, MIGHTY MOUSE, ATOMIC MOUSE EVEN DON RICKLES, ALTHOUGH HE MIGHT BE CONSIDERED MORE IN THE RAT FAMILY!

TELL ME, MICK, JUST HOW DO YOU OCCUPY YOUR TIME NOW? LET'S FACE IT, YOU'RE 50 YEARS OLD. WHAT'S LEFT?

WELL, NATURALLY I'M GETTING OLDER SO I'M GETTING A LITTLE AWAY FROM THE MORE PHYSICAL SIGHT GAG KIND OF COMEDY!

YOU SOUND AS IF YOU WERE CONTEMPLATING A COMEBACK!

LISTEN, IN THIS BUSINESS, WHO KNOWS? LOOK AT THAT OLD CROCK GEORGE BURNS...HE CAME BACK AND THEY LOVED HIM. HE EVEN GOT THE ACADEMY AWARD. OH GOD! WHEN I THINK OF IT.

HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO WHAT KIND OF ACT YOU'D HAVE?

GLAD YOU ASKED! I'VE HIRED NEW WRITERS AND MY NEW ACT WILL GO SOMETHING LIKE THIS..

WELL, EXCUSE ME!

I'M JUST A WILD AND CRAZY MOUSE!

I'M A RAMBLING KIND OF MOUSE!

LET'S GET SMALL!

YOU SHOULD GO TO BED WITH "SICK!"

IN RECENT YEARS, A LOT OF ATTENTION HAS BEEN PAID TO THE MYSTERY OF WHETHER THERE IS ANY KIND OF INTELLIGENT LIFE OUT THERE IN SPACE! WE HEAR TALES OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS WITH ALIENS, PEOPLE BEING WISKED OFF IN SPACE SHIPS, AND THE SUCH. BUT ALL OF THIS SUPPOSED EXTRATERRESTRIAL ACTIVITY LEADS TO THE BIGGEST MYSTERY OF ALL... IF THIS LIFE FROM SPACE IS INDEED SO INTELLIGENT, WHY ON EARTH ARE THEY BOTHERING WITH US?!! (PRESENT READER INCLUDED, OF COURSE!)

# Invasion of the Booby Snatchers

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY DAVE MANAK





MAYBE A BRIEF TALK WITH MY FRIEND, THE WORLD RENOWNED HEADSHRINKER, DR. DAVODD KLINKER... WILL TEACH YOU NOT TO BLOW THINGS UP ALL OUT PROPORTION!

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!

**BUMP**

THEY'RE COMING!-- PLEASE!-- RUN!-- THEY'RE COMING!-- YOU'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

**SCREECH**

YOU SEE... THAT MAN WHO JUMPED ON OUR HOOD WASN'T AFRAID TO EXPRESS HIMSELF! -- YOU SHOULD FOLLOW HIS EXAMPLE, ELOUSYBETH!

BUT HE RAN AROUND THE CORNER AND WAS RUN OVER AND KILLED BY A CAR!

YES, WELL, ABSOLUTE SELF-EXPRESSION DOES HAVE A FEW MINOR DRAWBACKS!

...THERE, ELOUSYBETH, I'VE SPENT THE LAST HALF HOUR EXPLAINING TO YOU HOW THIS UPTIGHT SOCIETY OF OURS CREATES PROBLEMS LIKE YOURS!... NOW, DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU KNOW ANYTHING NEW?

YES INDEED! YOU'VE STRENGTHENED MY SUSPICION THAT PSYCHIATRIC LICENCES ARE NOW BEING SOLD BY THE SEARS AND ROEBUCK CO.

WAIT!... TO STRENGTHEN MY THEORY, OUR FRIEND JERK, HERE IS LETTING ME STAGE THIS FAKE ATTACK ON HIM! WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

I THINK I KNOW HOW JERK THERE, GOT HIS NAME!

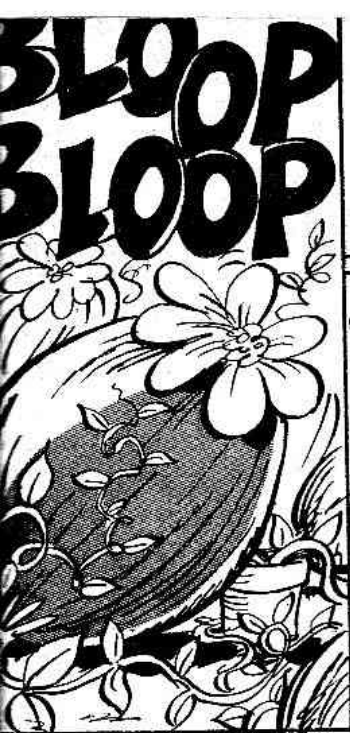
IT'S LIKE SOME KIND OF PSYCHOTIC DISEASE, DAVODD!... AND BEFORE I TAKE ELOUSYBETH HOME, TELL ME... WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED AFTER TREATING HUNDREDS OF THESE NUTSY PEOPLE?

IT'S TRAGIC AND SAD, MUTT... BUT ONE IMPORTANT THING THAT I'VE LEARNED AFTER COUNSELING THESE PEOPLE, IS HOW TO LAUGH ALL THE WAY TO THE BANK!

**SPLAT**







QUICK, GET THE OTHERS AND RUN! I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE!

I REALLY ADMIRE YOU MUTT!

WHY, BECAUSE OF MY COURAGE AND INTELLIGENCE?

NO, BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE COM-POSURE TO TAKE UP GARDENING IN THE MIDDLE OF ALL THIS!



DO YOU THINK WE CAN GET AWAY, MUTT?

IF THERE'S ANY WAY OUT OF THIS, I'LL FIND IT!

I HOPE SO, FOR ALL OUR SALES!

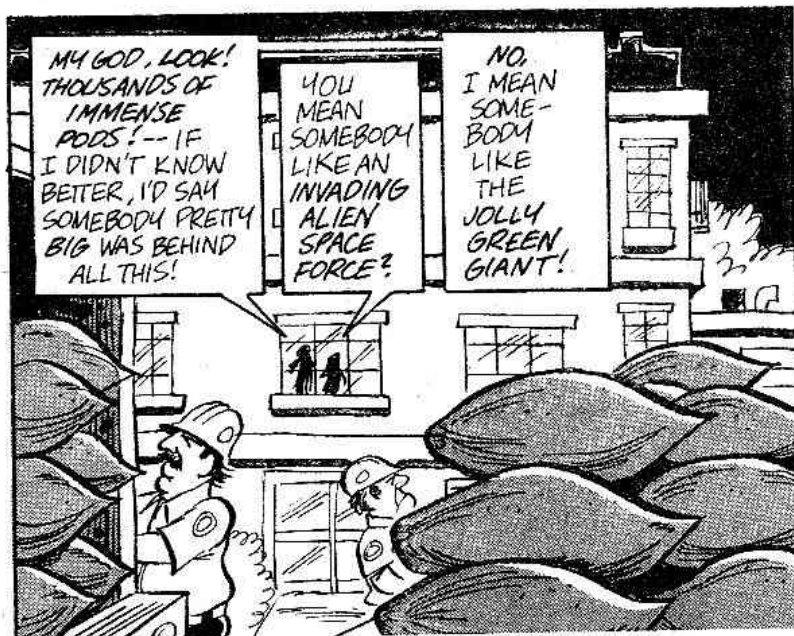
WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT THE REST OF YOU? I SAID IF THERE WAS ANY WAY OUT, I'D FIND IT!



JERK AND HIS WIFE HAVE GONE TO FIND HELP... WE'D BETTER TRY TO MAKE IT BACK TO MY OFFICE AT THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT!

WHY, BECAUSE IT'S THE SAFEST PLACE TO BE AT A TIME LIKE THIS?

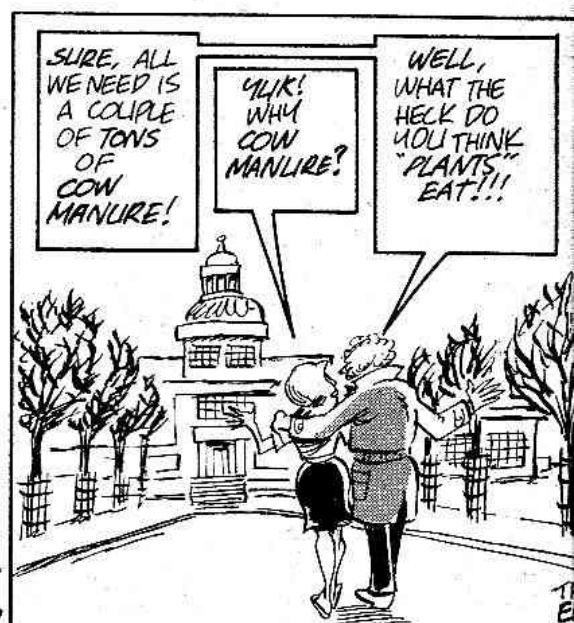
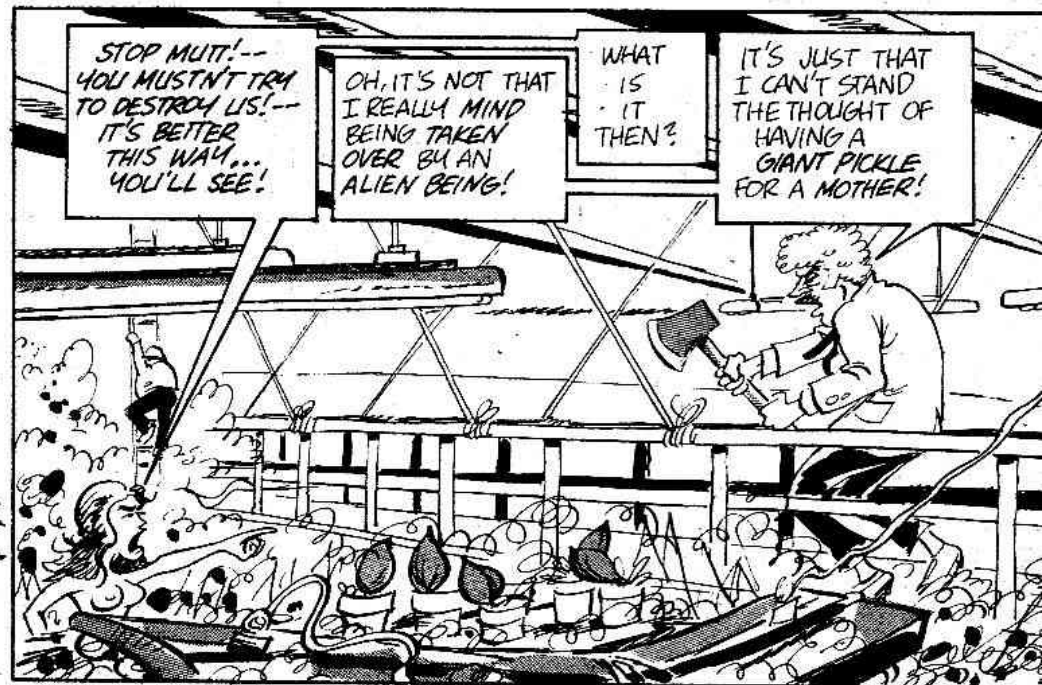
NO, BECAUSE IT'S THE SAFEST PLACE FOR THE MANDATORY LOVE SCENE THAT'S A MUST IN A PICTURE LIKE THIS!



MY GOD, LOOK! THOUSANDS OF IMMENSE PODS! -- IF I DIDN'T KNOW BETTER, I'D SAY SOMEBODY PRETTY BIG WAS BEHIND ALL THIS!

YOU MEAN SOMEBODY LIKE AN INVADING ALIEN SPACE FORCE?

NO, I MEAN SOMEBODY LIKE THE JOLLY GREEN GIANT!





HERE'S TO THOSE DAYS OF THE SORDID CITY--AND KNIGHTS OF THE CHECKER CAB!  
WHERE CHEAP DIALOGUE, CHEAPER JOKES AND CHEAPEST CHARACTERS ABOUND IN  
THE SERIES CALLED.....

# TAXIII!

WHAT  
TIME  
IS IT?

I  
DON'T  
KNOW.  
ASK  
ALEX!

WHAT  
DAY  
IS IT?

I  
DON'T  
KNOW.  
ASK  
ALEX!

YOU  
THINK  
I  
OUTTA  
GET  
MARRIED  
?

DAT'S  
HEAVY...  
HEAVY!  
YOU  
BETTER  
ASK  
ALEX!

HEY, ALEX,  
DO YOU  
THINK...?

NOT IF I  
CAN HELP  
IT!



writer Arnold Drake

SOME SAY ALL TAXII  
DRIVER'S ACT ALIKE!



TAXII TRIES TO CORRECT THAT  
IMPRESSION!



THERE'S LOUIE THE DISPATCHER--A MIDGET WITH A HEART AS SMALL AS A FLEE'S KNEES!

YA' HOID ME, MA! EITHER GET UP DA RENT OR GO FLOP AT DA YWCA! AND I'M KEEPING YOUR TEETH FOR SECURITY!



AND BOBBY THE ACTOR, WHOSE ONLY PART SO FAR, IS IN HIS HAIR!

ALEX! YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME A ROLE!

OKAY! BUT WOULD YOU SETTLE FOR A CORN MUFFIN OR A BAGEL?



LATKA, OF UNDETERMINED NATIONALITY-- BUT VERY DETERMINED SEX!

THE IMMIGRATION BUREAU IS AFTER YOU! HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE THEM THE SLIP?

EASY! FIRST I GIVE DEM HER BRA! DEN DA SLIP!



ELAINE, THE HACK WITH GRAND ASPIRATIONS!

I'M OPENING MY ART GALLERY SUNDAY! CAN YOU GET A BIG NAME TO COME?

HOW ABOUT STANALOUSKI ABOMINABLE-HOWSKI, THAT'S A BIG NAME!



THEN THERE'S SHY JOHN!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET ME A DATE, ALEX. I'M THE MOST DESPERATE MAN ON EARTH!

AS SOON AS I MEET A WOMAN WHO EQUALS THAT, SHE'S YOURS!





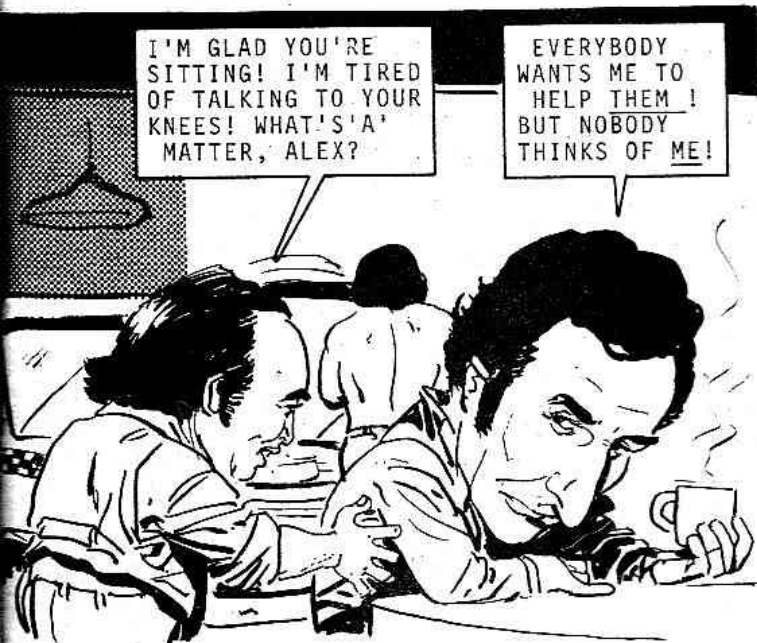


AND FINALLY,  
TONY, THE BEST  
THING THAT'S  
HAPPENED TO  
THE PRIZE RING  
SINCE THE  
SPONGE!

I GOT A CHANCE TO  
SPAR WITH  
MUHAMMAD ALI BUT  
I NEED SUPPORT!

MORAL?

NO! ATHLETIC!  
A JOCKSTROP!  
SEE IF YOU  
CAN RAISE  
THE DOUGH!



I'M GLAD YOU'RE  
SITTING! I'M TIRED  
OF TALKING TO YOUR  
KNEES! WHAT'S 'A'  
MATTER, ALEX?

EVERYBODY  
WANTS ME TO  
HELP THEM!  
BUT NOBODY  
THINKS OF ME!



I THINK OF YOU,  
ALEX! ALL THE  
TIME I THINK,  
" HOW CAN ALEX  
HELP ME?"

WHAT,  
YOU,  
TOO?



NEXT WEEK'S  
ME CLASS!  
reunion!  
I WANNA  
SHOW DEM  
HOW GOOD I  
DONE WID  
ME LIFE!

A TAXI  
DISPATCHER  
IS GOOD?

IT IS  
WHEN DA  
REST OF  
DA CLASS  
IS CROOKS  
--OR COPS!  
(YUCHH!)



DE ONLY T'ING  
IS I WANNA  
SHOW DEM HOW  
TALL I GOT,  
TOO!

SO YOU  
NEED A  
STAND  
IN I'LL  
KEEP  
IT IN  
MIND!

GREAT!  
AND YOU  
WON'T  
HAVE  
TO KICK-  
BACK NO  
TIPS FOR  
THREE  
DAYS!

ALEX MUSES, " IS THERE ANYTHING LONELIER THAN A DIVORCED MAN WITH NO ONE TO COME HOME TO?



EXCEPT, A MARRIED MAN, WITH A WIFE TO COME HOME TO!

THEN FATE-- BLONDE, 5'8" AND 128 POUNDS OF IT-- WAVES A HAND!



YOOHOO! TAXI!

SHE'S SINGING MY SONG!

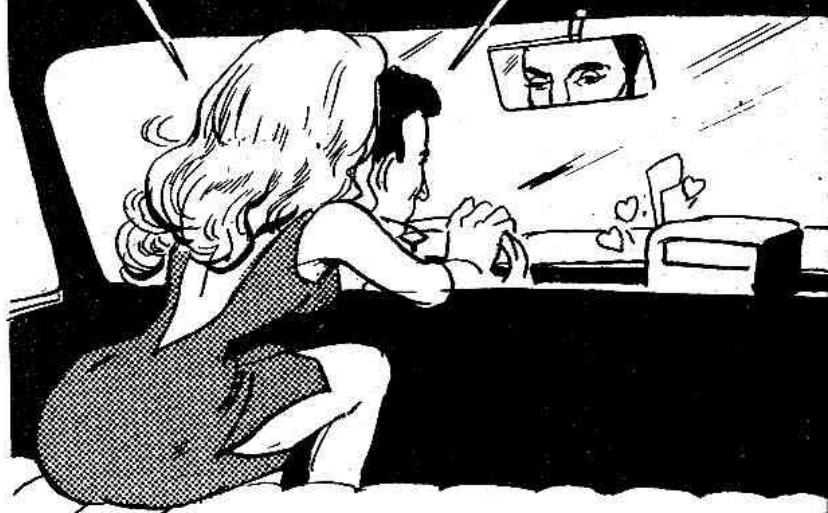
AREN'T YOU RAQUEL WENCH, THE SEXIEST THING IN THE MOVIES SINCE MARILYN MONROE STOOD OVER A SUBWAY AIRSHAFT?



YES! BUT I'M A WOMAN, TOO!

THEY DON'T LET BLIND MEN DRIVE TAXIS, LADY!

I'M DOING A PICTURE IN NEW YORK--AND I DON'T KNOW ANYBODY!



YOU DO NOW, BABY!

YOU MEAN YOU WOULD BE MY FRIEND IN THIS COLD CITY?



YOUR FRIEND, YOUR ELECTRIC BLANKET, YOUR HOT WATER BOTTLE--

--AND I'LL EVEN TURN OFF THE METER!



SHORTLY....

SOLVED ALL YOUR PROBLEMS!  
MISS WENCH WILL STAND-IN  
FOR LOUIE AT THE REUNION!

A  
WOMAN?  
(CHOKE!)

SHE'LL TELL  
THEM YOU  
HAD A  
SEX-CHANGE!



AND SHE  
WILL  
SHOW  
UP AT  
YOUR  
GALLERY!

A  
MOVIE  
STAR?!  
HOORAY!

ALSO, HERE IS  
TEN BUCKS TO  
SUPPORT YOUR  
ATHLETICS!



HOW ABOUT  
MY  
ACTING  
JOB?

YOU'VE GOT IT! IN  
HER PICTURE, SHE  
PLAYS A WOMAN  
DRIVING A CAR WITH  
A DEAD BODY IN  
THE TRUNK!

YOU'RE  
THE  
BODY!



AND DO I  
GET A  
DATE WITH  
A MOVIE  
STAR?

BETTER YET! YOU GET  
20 DATES-- ALL FROM  
CALIFORNIA!

ALSO  
PITTED  
AND  
WASHED!



OH!  
FRIG!

NO, THEY WERE ALL OUT  
OF FIGS! BUT THERE ARE  
SOME DRIED APRICOTS!



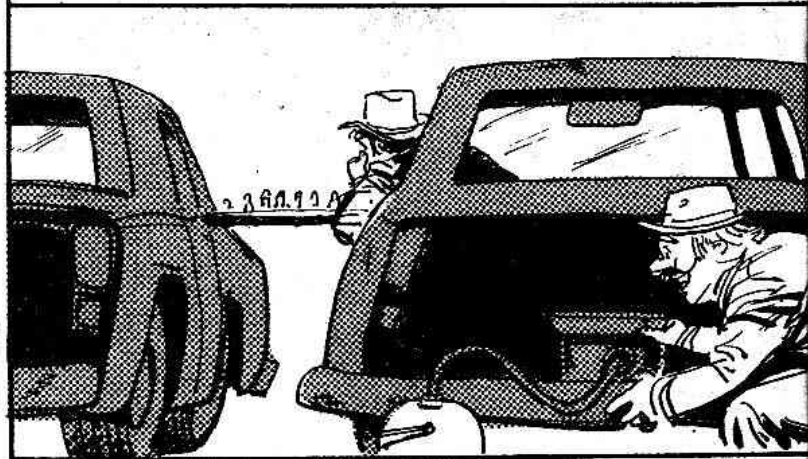
# OIL CO'S! KISS OUR GAS!!

"ENERGY CRISIS!" "OIL DISASTER!" "PANIC AT THE PUMPS!" THAT'S ALL WE GET FROM OUR POLITICIANS AND NEWSCATERS, GLOOM AND DOOM! WELL, WE CAN'T FILL YOUR TANK-- BUT WE CAN AT LEAST CUT THE CRAPE!--THAT'S CRAPE!

KEEP A CHESS SET HANDY AND STRIKE UP A GAME WITH ANOTHER DRIVER. WHILE HE'S TRYING TO FIGURE HIS NEXT MOVE--



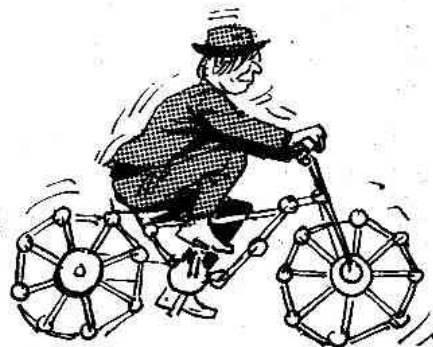
--SNEAK OUT OF YOUR CAR AND SIPHON OFF HIS LAST TWO GALLONS!



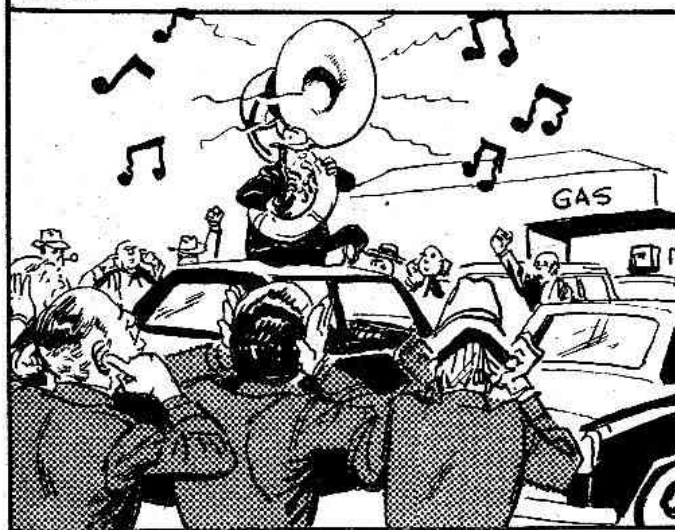
BUY A GIANT TINKERTOY SET AND, WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, BUILD SOMETHING--



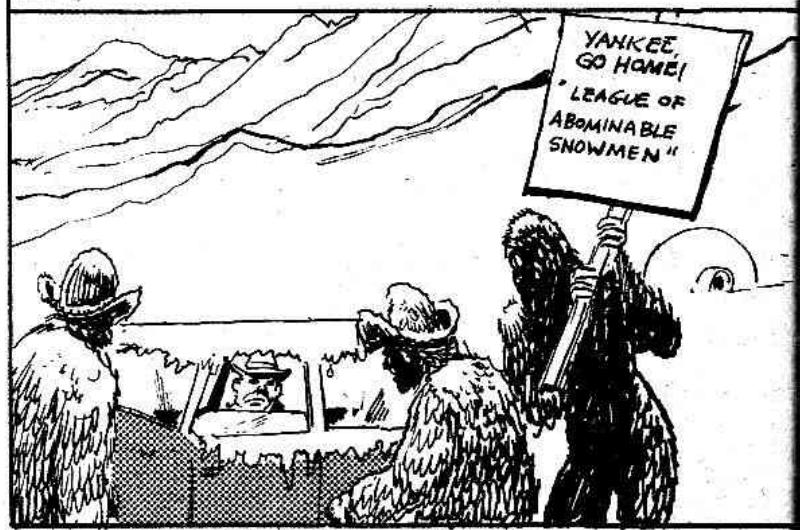
--LIKE A BICYCLE, SO YOU CAN RIDE SOMETHING HOME.



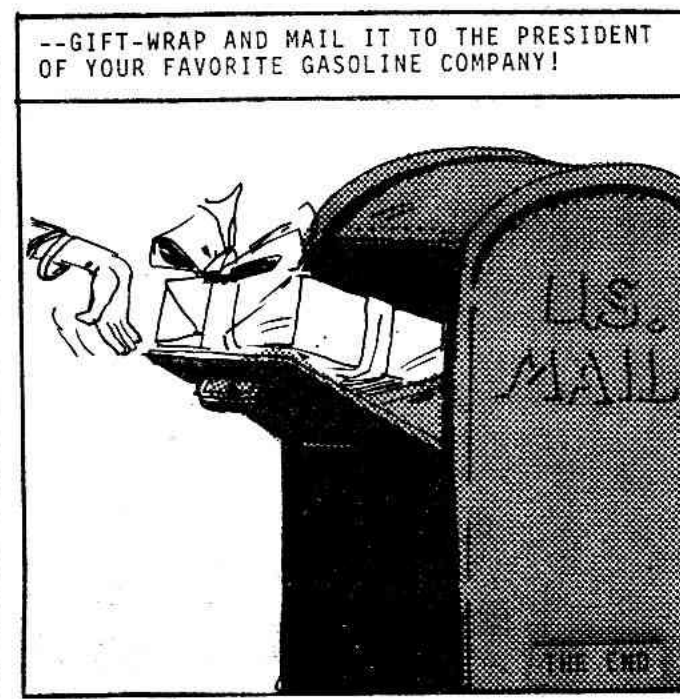
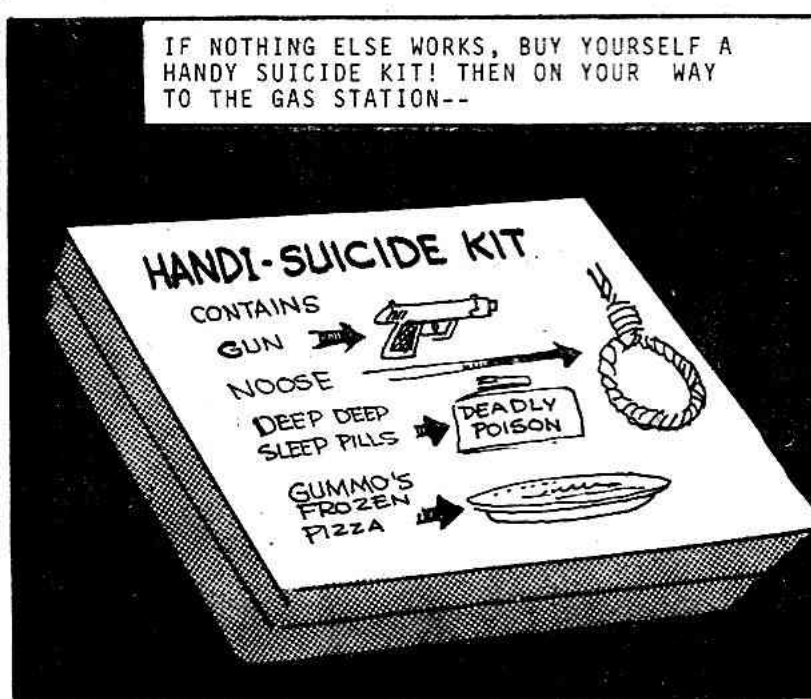
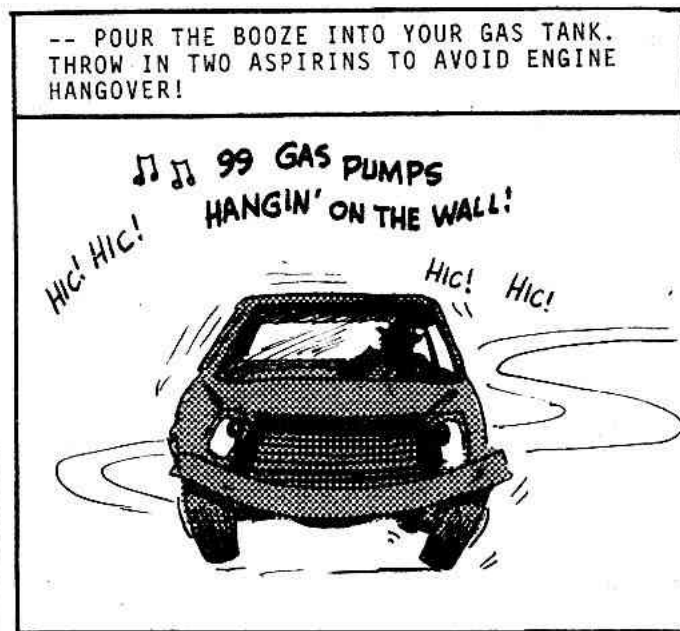
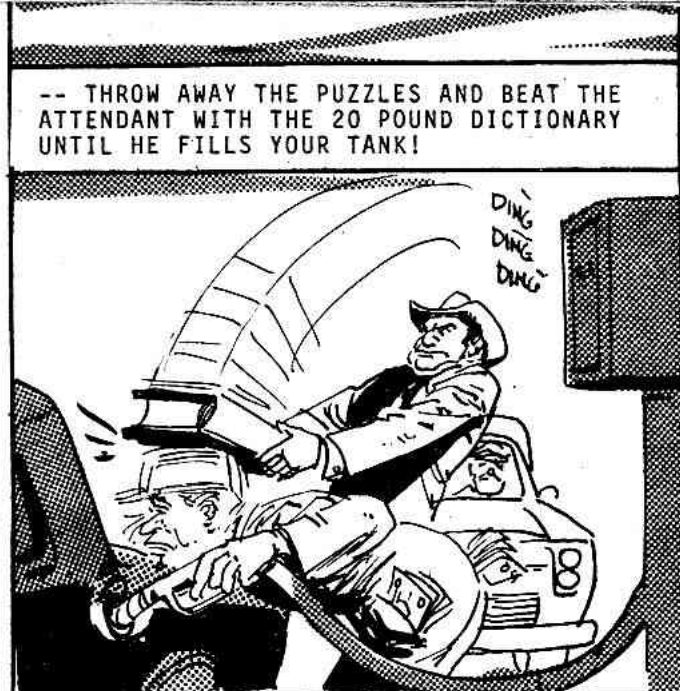
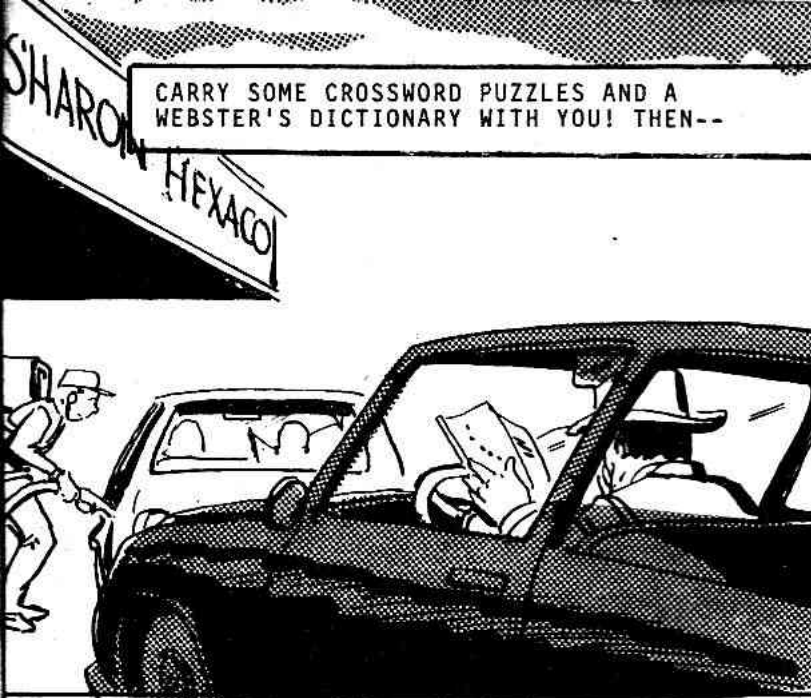
BRING ALONG A TUBA OR A FRENCH HORN. AFTER TWO CHORUSES OF HOME ON THE RANGE--



--THE OTHER DRIVERS WILL DONATE ENOUGH GAS TO SEND YOU TO TIBET!

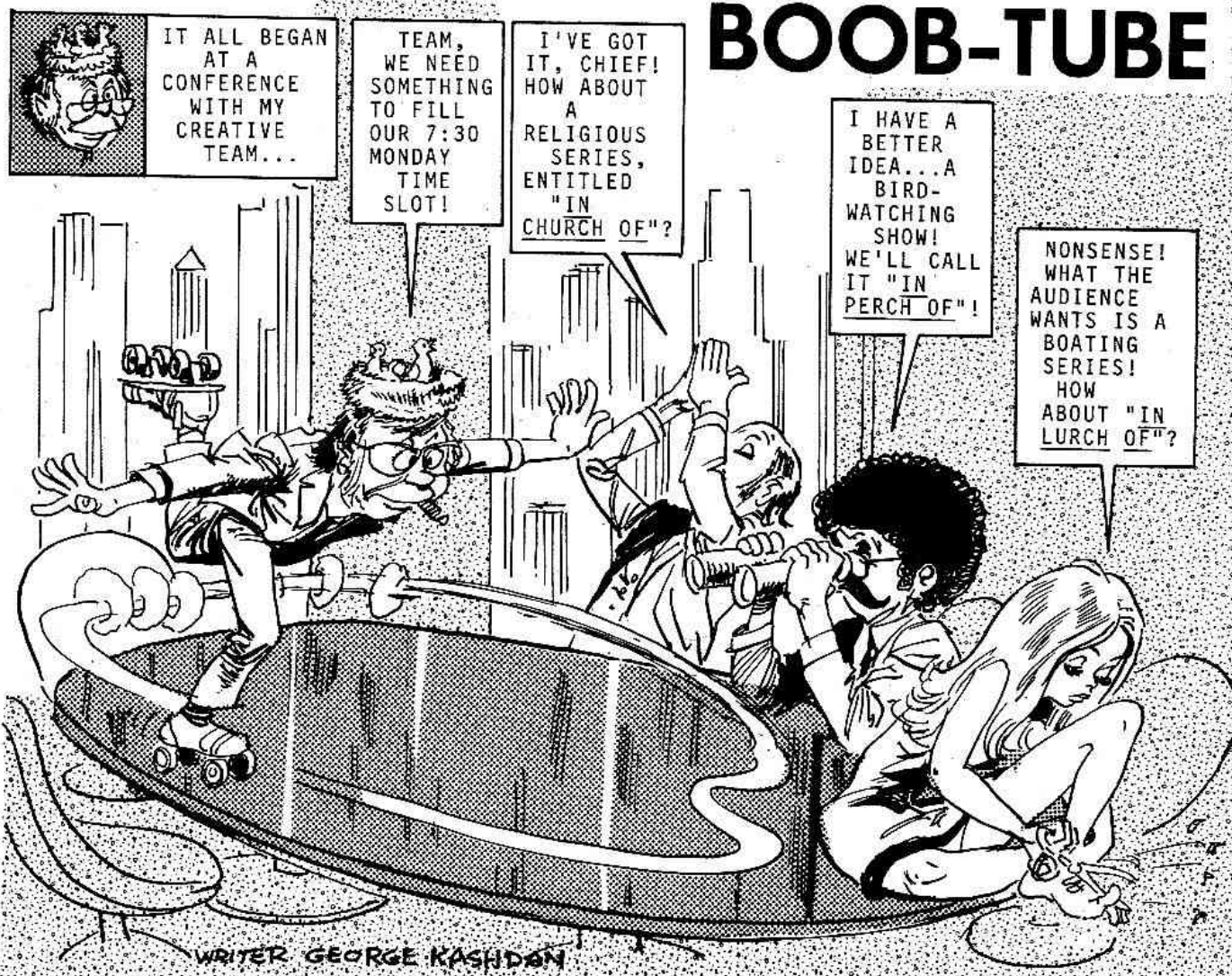






HI THERE! I'M LED SILVERBRAIN, BOY-WONDER OF THE TV INDUSTRY! PEOPLE OFTEN ASK ME WHERE I GET MY BRILLIANT IDEAS--SO TODAY I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU THE TRIALS AND TRIBULATIONS THAT WENT INTO CREATING A TYPICAL VIDEO SERIES! PAY CLOSE ATTENTION, AND MAYBE YOU TOO WILL LEARN...

# How To SUCCEED On The BOOB-TUBE



WRITER GEORGE KASHDAN







THEY SOON BEGAN FILMING THE FIRST PILOT...

# "IN LURCH OF" tonight: "The Flying Crutchman"

LOOK! THERE ON THE HORIZON!

THE RUMORS WERE RIGHT... THERE IS AN ANCIENT SHIP STILL AFLOAT!



AHOY, FLYING CRUTCHMAN! IS IT TRUE THAT YOU ARE DOOMED TO SAIL THE SEAS FOREVER?

AYE, 'TIS TRUE!

MAY WE TAKE PICTURES OF YOU?

AYE-- PROVIDED YOU PAY ACTORS EQUITY RATES!



WHOOSH!

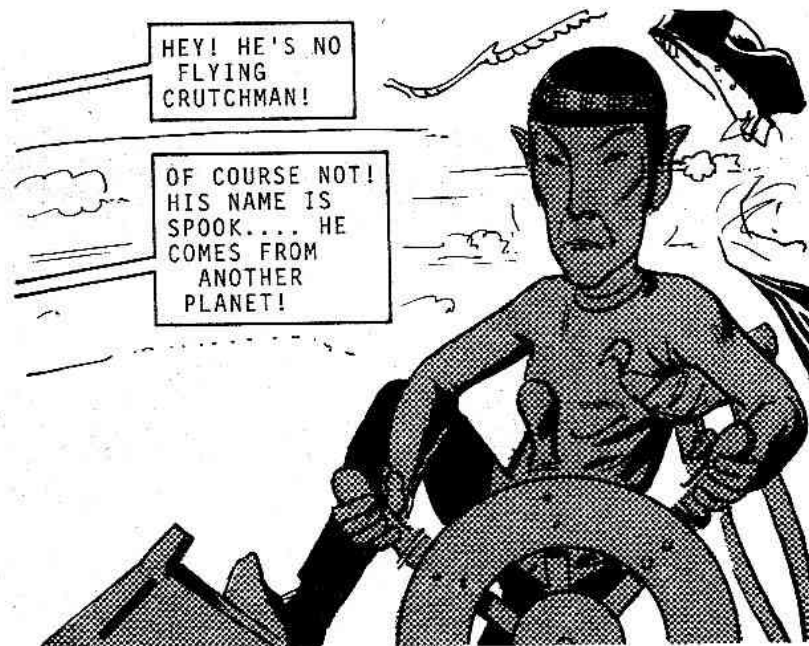
THAT'S NO WIND... IT'S A LEFTOVER SOUND-EFFECT FROM A JACQUES COUSTEAU SPECIAL!

EYOW-W! THE WIND IS ROUGH TODAY!



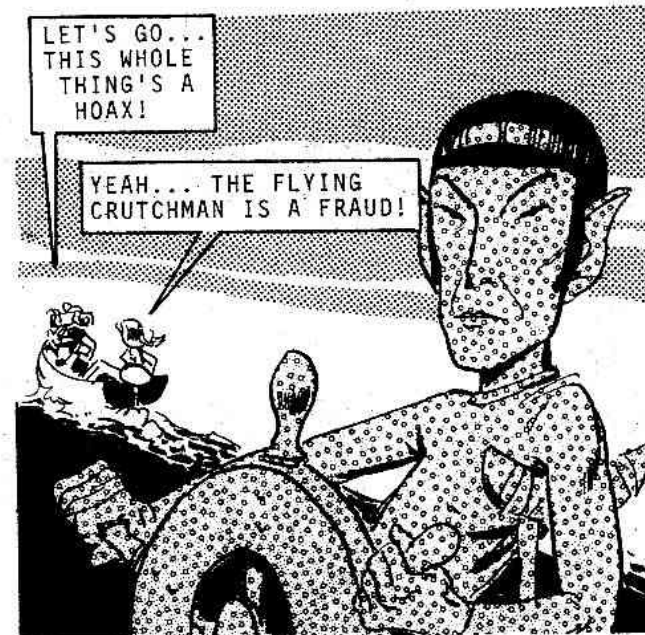
HEY! HE'S NO FLYING CRUTCHMAN!

OF COURSE NOT! HIS NAME IS SPOOK.... HE COMES FROM ANOTHER PLANET!



LET'S GO... THIS WHOLE THING'S A HOAX!

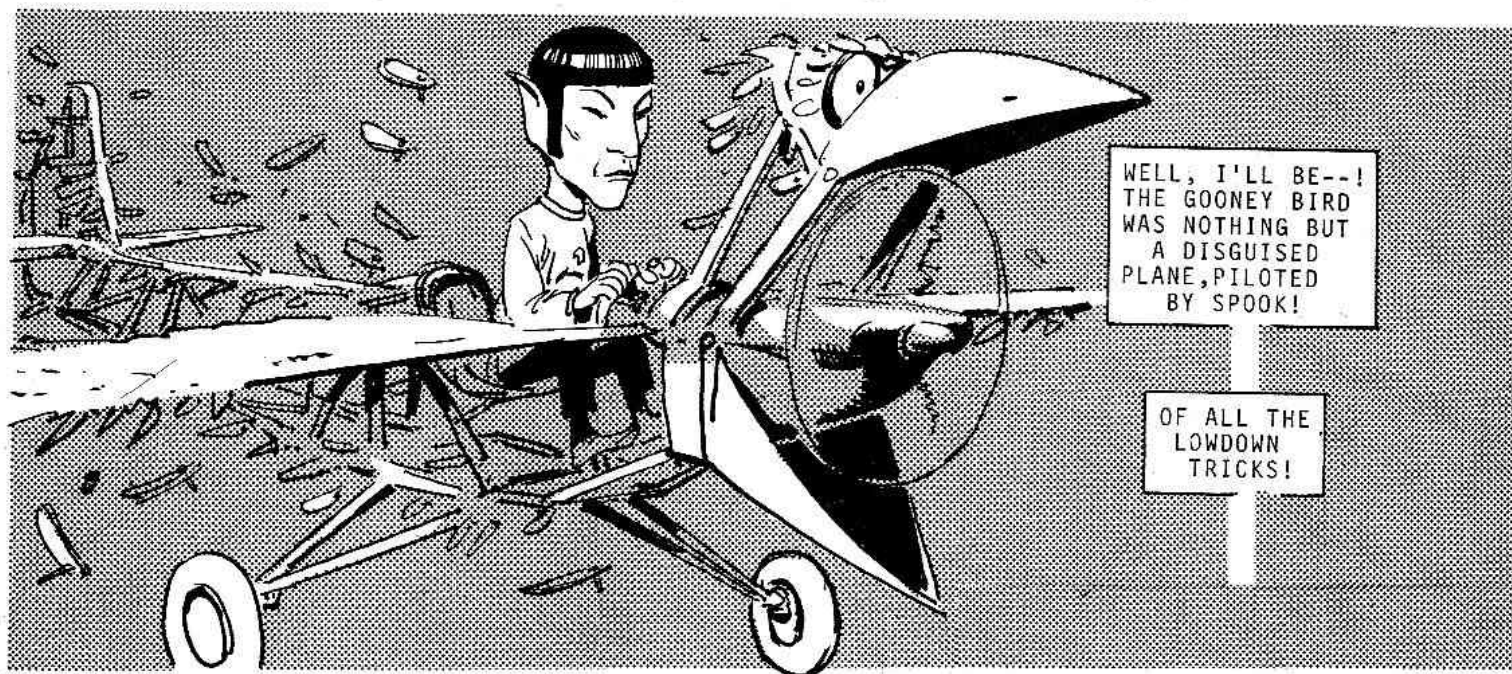
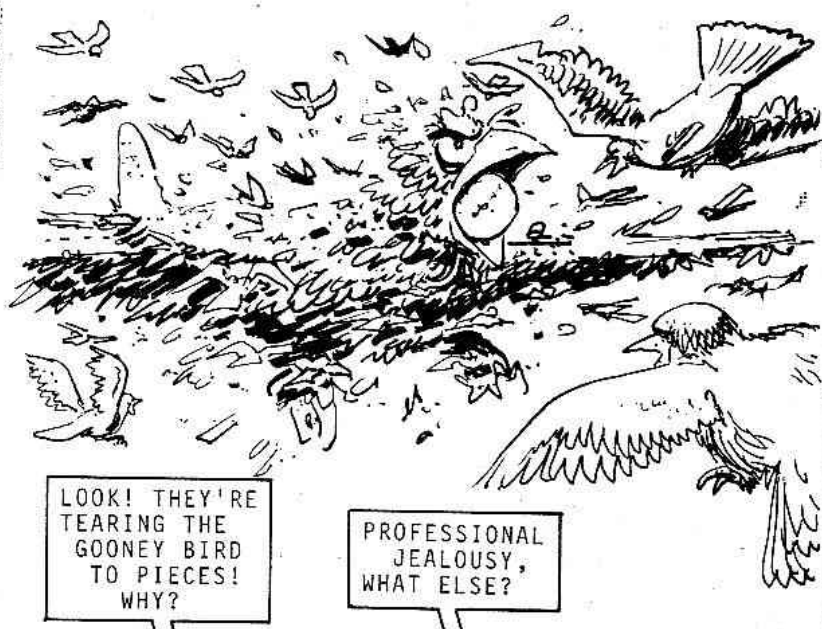
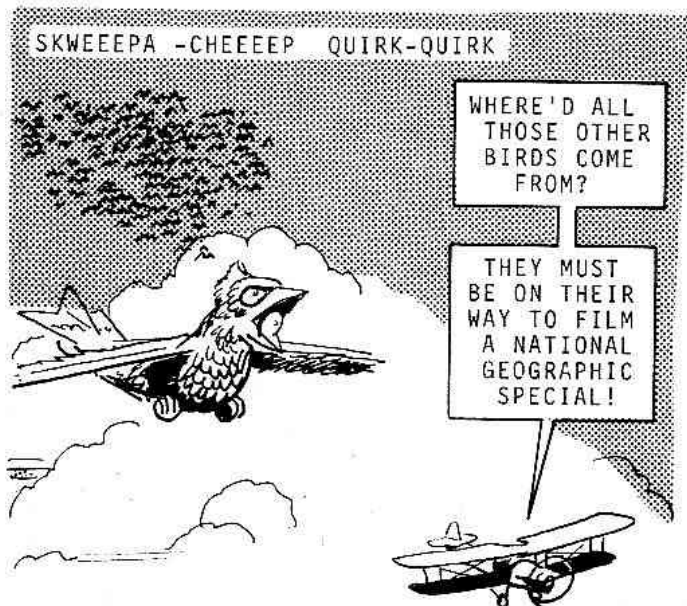
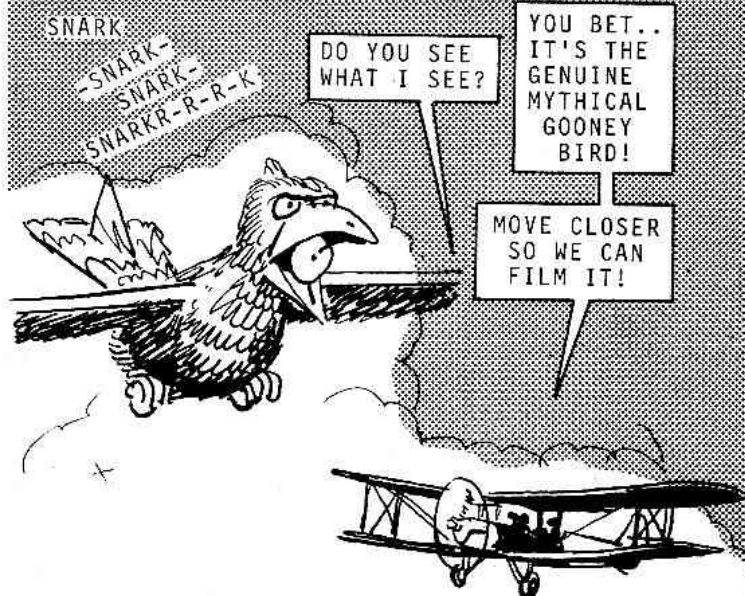
YEAH... THE FLYING CRUTCHMAN IS A FRAUD!





NOT FAR AWAY, ANOTHER SEQUENCE WAS IN PRODUCTION.....

IN PERCH OF  
TONIGHT:  
**"The  
GOONEY  
Bird"**







"THAT LEFT US WITH ONE MORE PILOT..."

IN CHURCH OF  
TONIGHT:

**"The DEVIL  
You Say!"**

WHY ARE WE  
FILMING  
THIS NUTTY  
CULT  
ANYWAY?

WE  
RECEIVED  
A TIP THAT  
THEY'RE  
RAISING  
THE DEVIL  
TONIGHT!

SO WHAT?  
DOESN'T  
THAT  
HAPPEN  
WHENEVER  
THE  
ROLLING  
STONES GIVE  
A CONCERT?



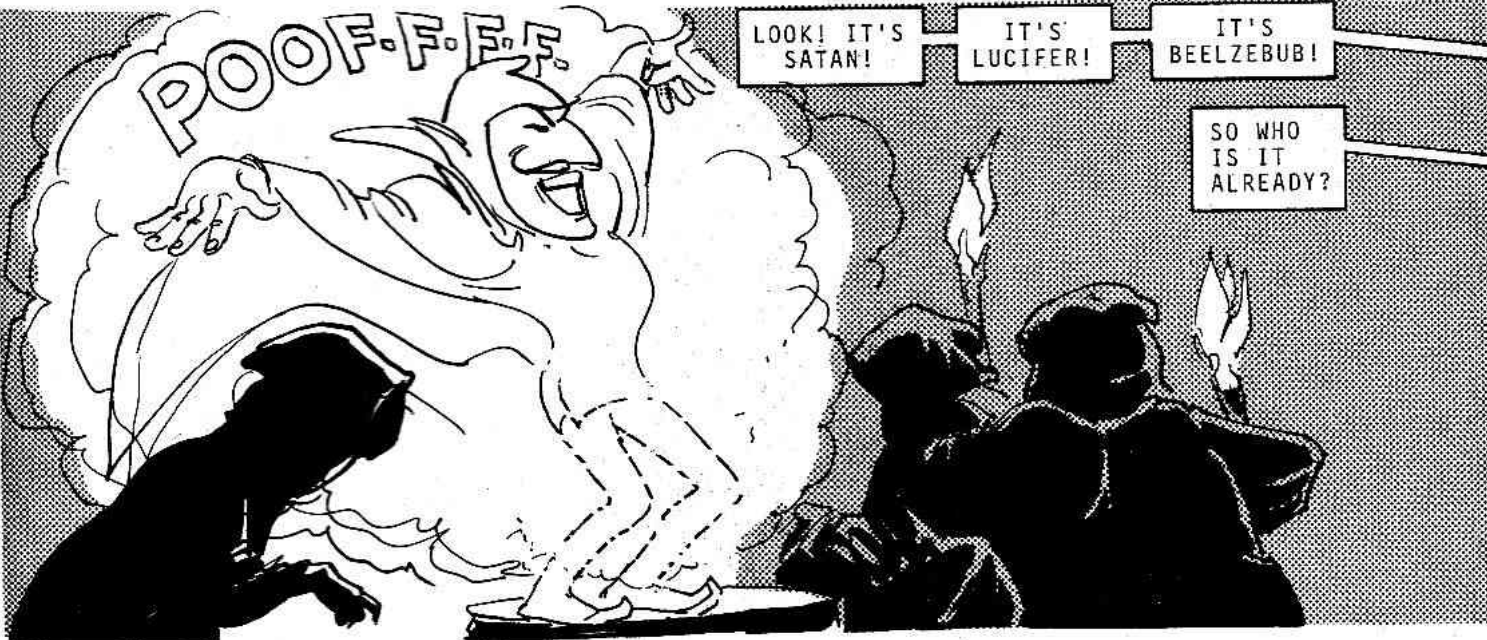
POOF-F.F.F.

LOOK! IT'S  
SATAN!

IT'S  
LUCIFER!

IT'S  
BEELZEBUB!

SO WHO  
IS IT  
ALREADY?



WAIT A MINUTE...  
I'VE SEEN THOSE  
EARS BEFORE!

WHERE WAS IT?  
ON SNOOPY?...  
LASSIE?...  
JOHN WAYNE'S  
HORSE?



AHA! IT'S SPOOK AGAIN,  
PERPETRATING ANOTHER  
HOAX!



THE NEXT DAY...

ALL RIGHT, SPOOK, OUT WITH IT! WHAT'S YOUR GAME?

WELL IT'S THIS WAY... EVER SINCE THE DEATH OF STAR DREK, I HAVE BEEN IN SEARCH OF A NEW--

HOLD IT! DID YOU SAY-- "IN SEARCH OF"?

I BELIEVE SO!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S WHAT WE'LL NAME THE SHOW!

AND SINCE YOU HELPED ME CREATE THIS SUPERB IDEA, I'LL MAKE YOU THE HOST!

BUT MR. SILVERBRAIN.. AREN'T YOU AFRAID HE'LL FRIGHTEN THE AUDIENCE?

NOT AFTER MY PLASTIC SURGEON GETS THROUGH WITH HIM!

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO, DOC?

OF COURSE! I SIMPLY REARRANGE THE HAIRLINE, MAKE HIS EYES ROUNDER, TRIM HIS EARS...

VOILA! THE NEW SPOOK!

GREAT! NOW, ALL HE NEEDS IS A NEW NAME!

HOW ABOUT BENNY? DENNY? LENNY?

HMMM... LENNY.. LEONARD....

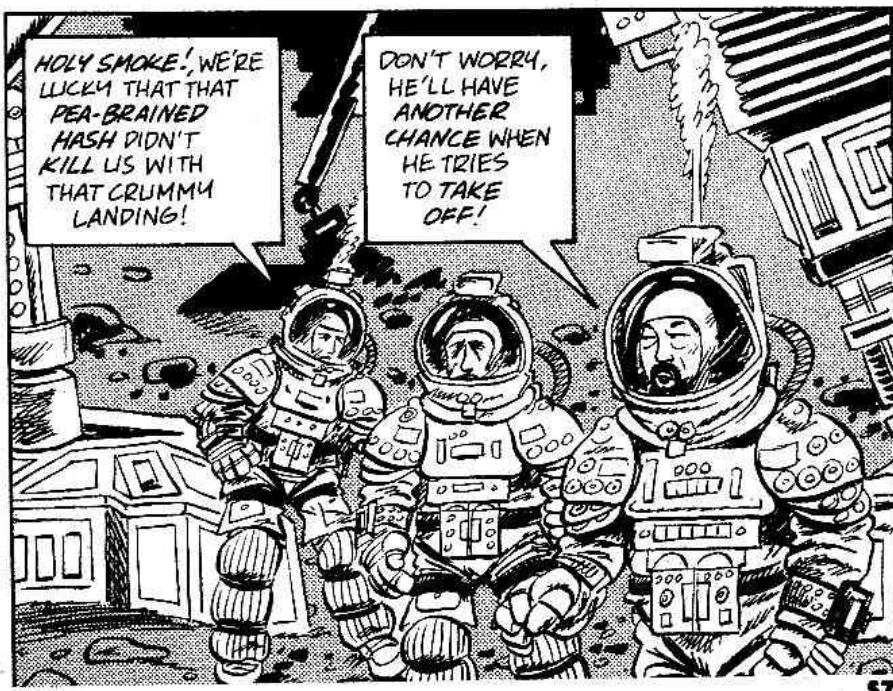
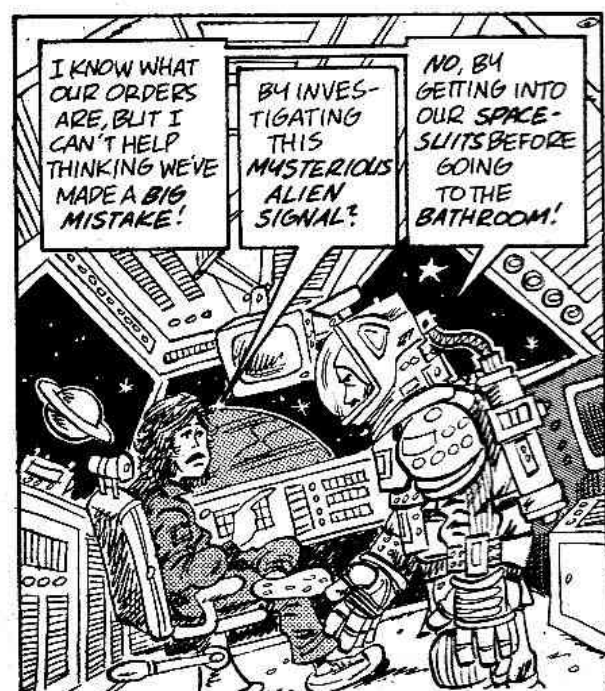
THE END

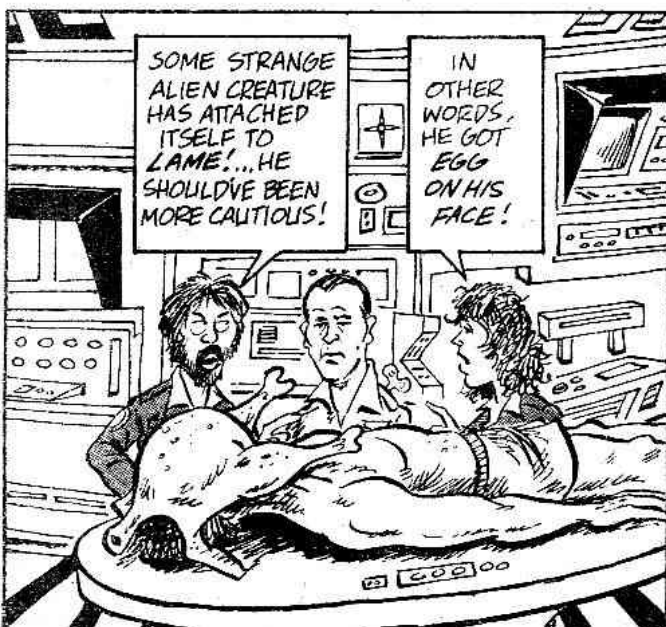
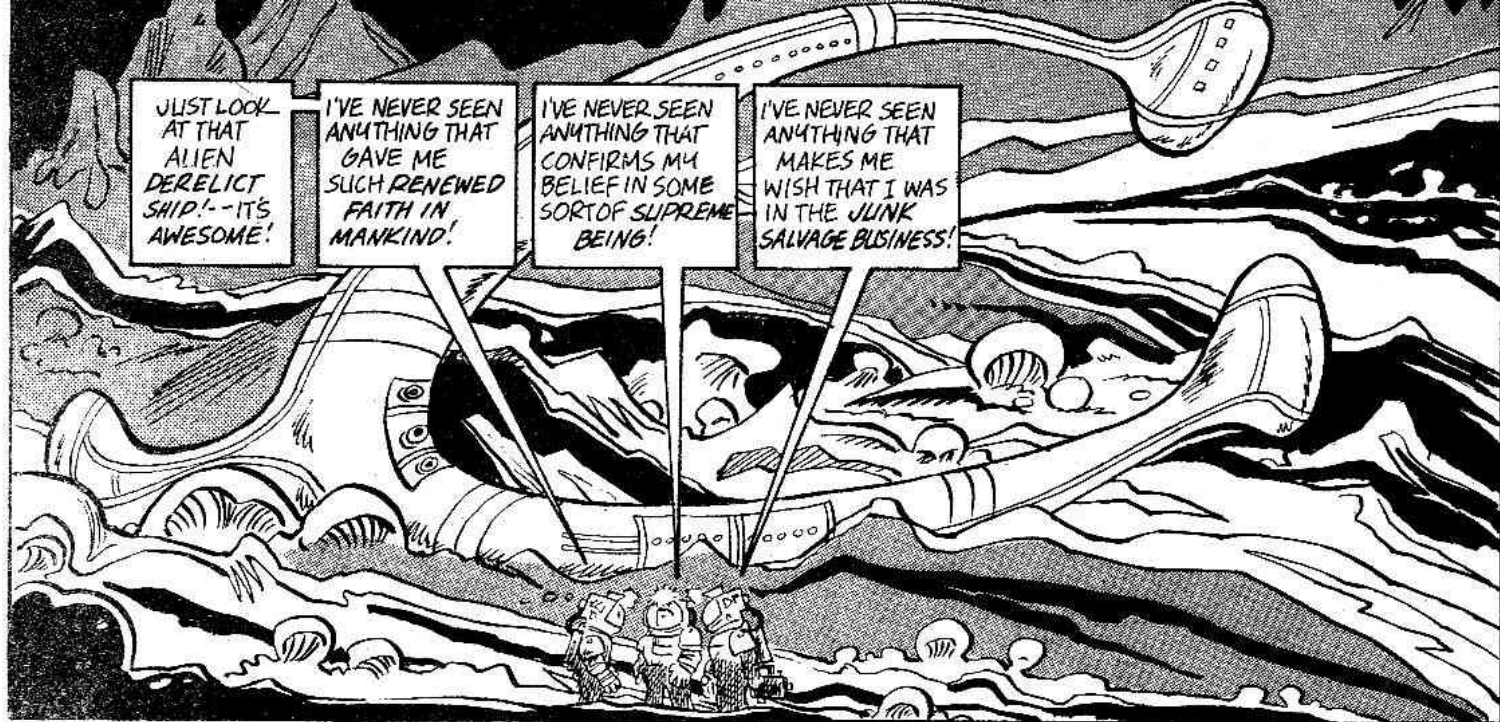


BEWARE!...FOR IN THE FARTHEST REACHES OF BLACKEST SPACE, WE FIND A CRAFT--A CRAFT TRAVELING AT NEARLY THE SPEED OF LIGHT, CARRYING AN EERIE CARGO--A CARGO THAT WILL MAKE YOU CRINGE IN HORROR!...SHRIEK IN TERROR!--WHAT IS IT?--A SHIP TRANSPORTING A SAVAGE ALIEN BEING?--NO, IT'S JUST THE DELIVERY TRUCK DELIVERING THE MESSY, BLUTTERED POPCORN... THE SICKLY SWEET, SUGAR CANDIES, THE CAFFEINE-LADEN COLAS THAT WILL MAKE ALL OF OUR LITTLE TUMMIES DO A FLIP AS WE SIT IN THE THEATER AND WATCH THE HILARIOUS...

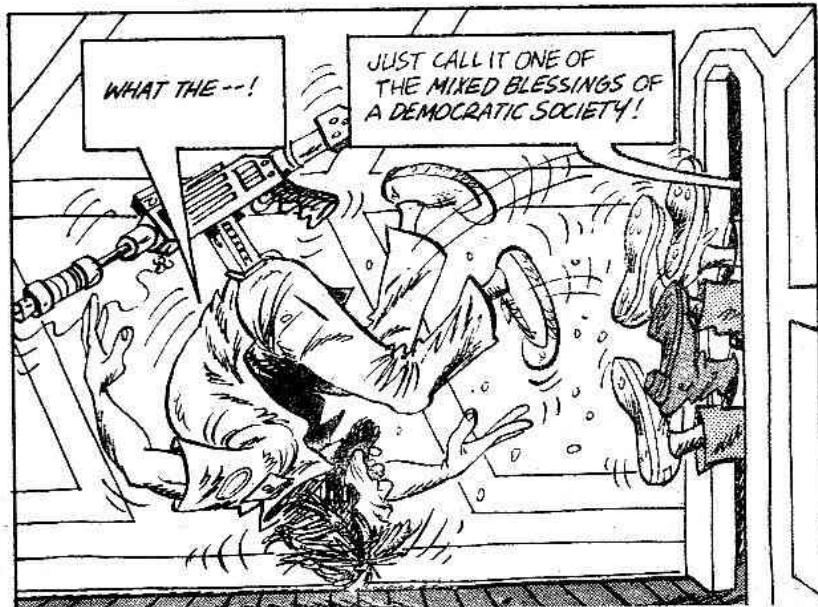
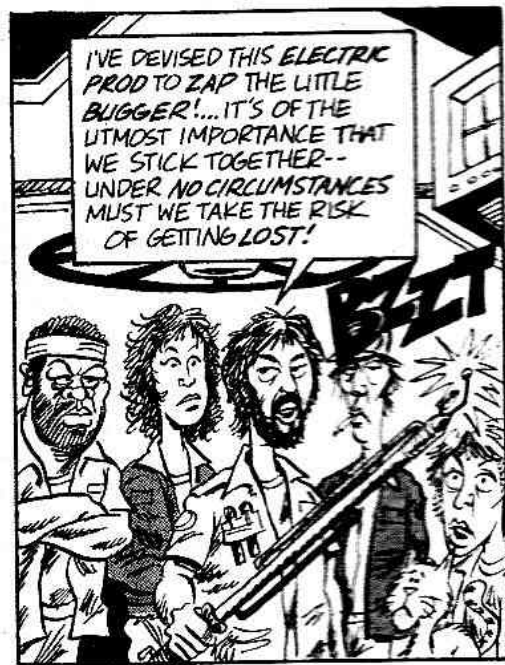
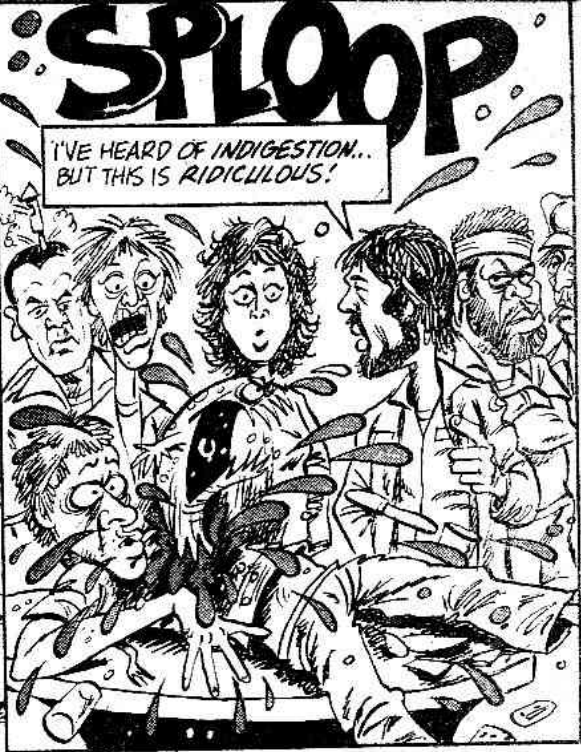
# ALIEN

WRITTEN & DRAWN BY DAVE MANAK













# BLOOP

AAAGGGHH!!!  
WELL, MAYBE  
I CAN AT LEAST  
COME BACK AND  
HAUNT HIM!

IT'S JUST YOU AND ME, NOW,  
CAT... AND MY SKILL AND  
EXPERIENCE ENABLES ME TO  
DO THE ONLY SENSIBLE,  
RATIONAL COURSE AVAILABLE...  
**BLOW UP THE SHIP!!!**

# KABOOM\*

\*NOTE: THIS SOUND CANNOT ACTUALLY BE HEARD IN  
DEEP SPACE, BUT APPARENTLY MOVIE GOERS AND  
MOVIE MAKERS PAY NO ATTENTION TO SUCH MINOR DETAILS!

WELL, CAT, IT LOOKS  
LIKE WE'RE SAFE  
AT LAS...  
UH-OH!!

# PLOP

LOOKS LIKE IT'S TIME FOR SOME  
GOOD OLD FEMALE ACTION,  
CAT!!--- FIRST, WE GIVE OUR  
VISITOR A BLAST OF HOT STEAM...

...SECOND, WE DEPRESSURIZE THE  
SHUTTLE, THEREBY SUCKING THE  
MOTHER TOWARD THE OPEN PORT...  
AND FINALLY, JUST TO MAKE SURE...

EXIT

EAT THIS, BUG!!!

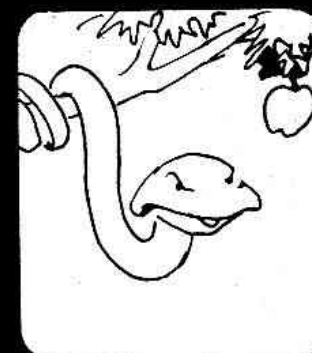
# FSSSSH



AND YET, ONCE MORE THE INDOMITABLE  
POWER OF WOMAN SHINES THROUGH... SKILL,  
INTELLIGENCE, AND GUTS WILL ENABLE US  
TO OVERCOME ANY OBSTACLE... EXCEPT...  
IF WE PUSH THE WRONG BUTTON!!!

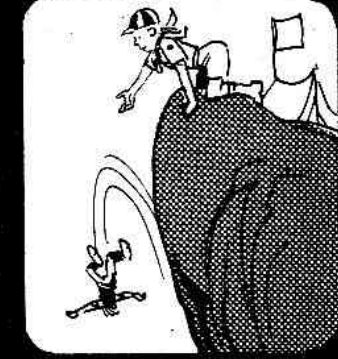
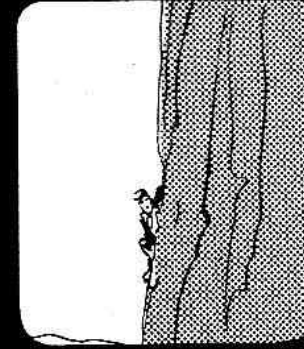
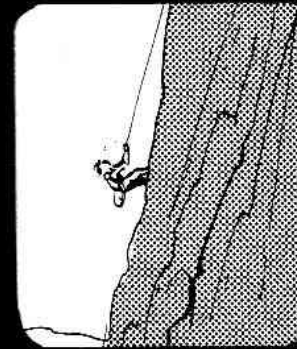
# POOF!

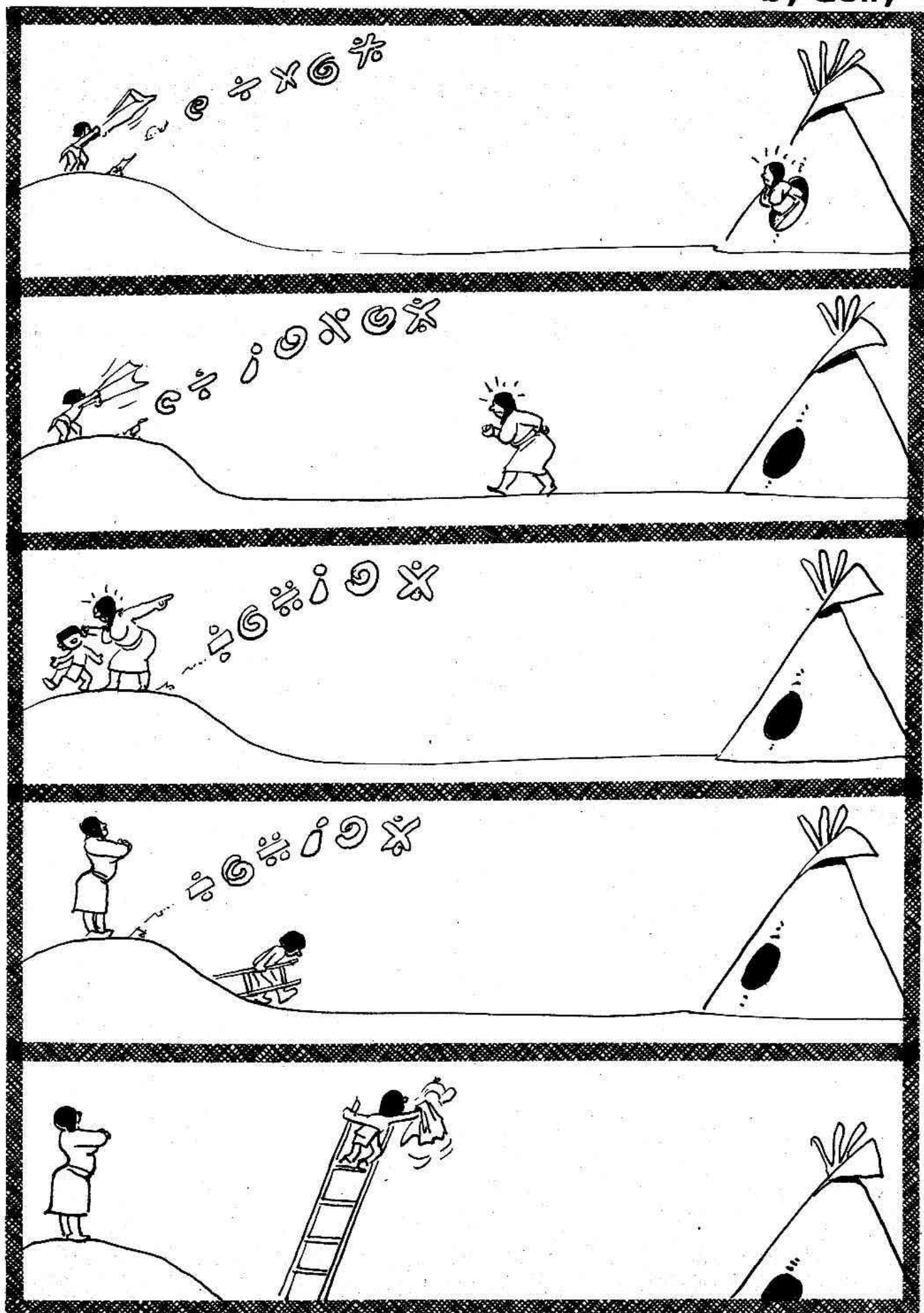
# EYE-BALLING.....by Golly



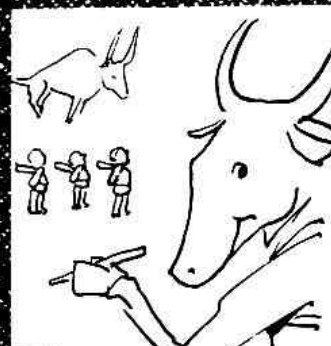
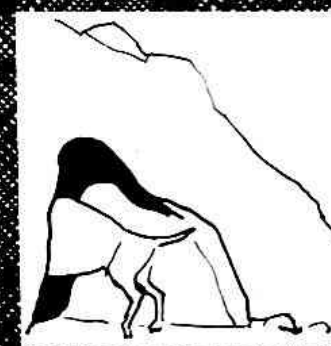
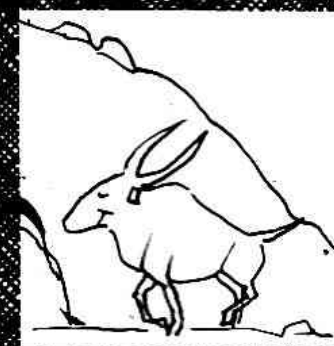
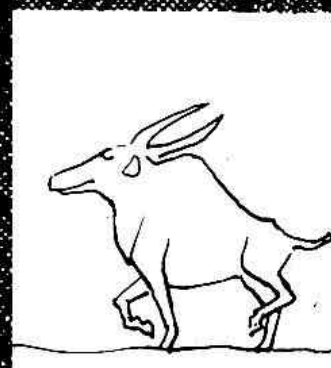
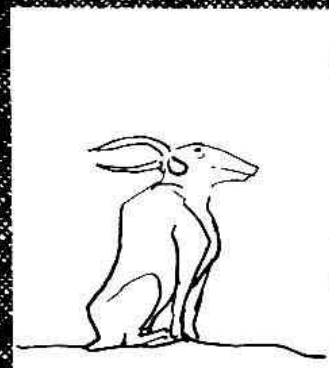
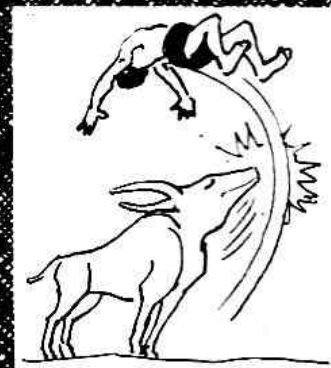
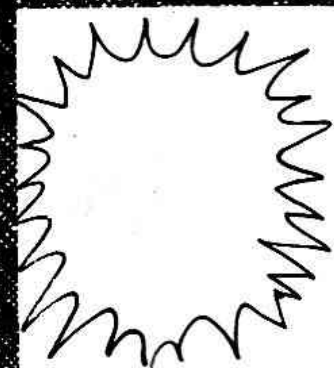
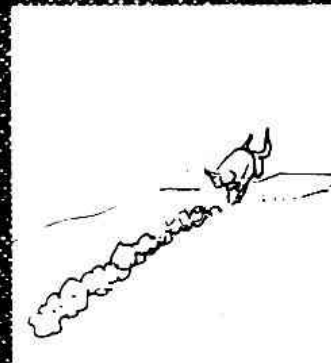
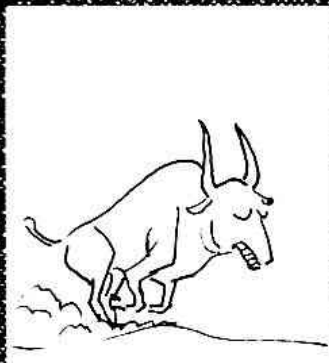
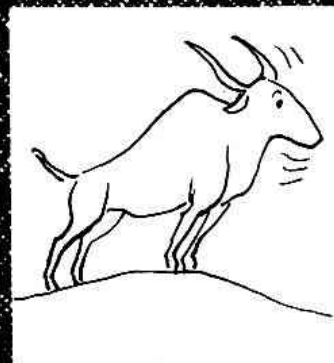
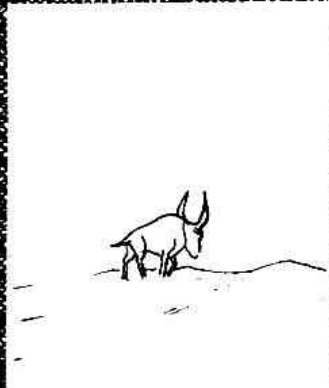
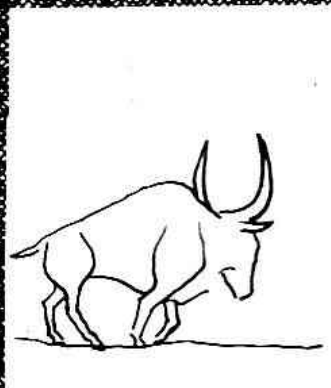


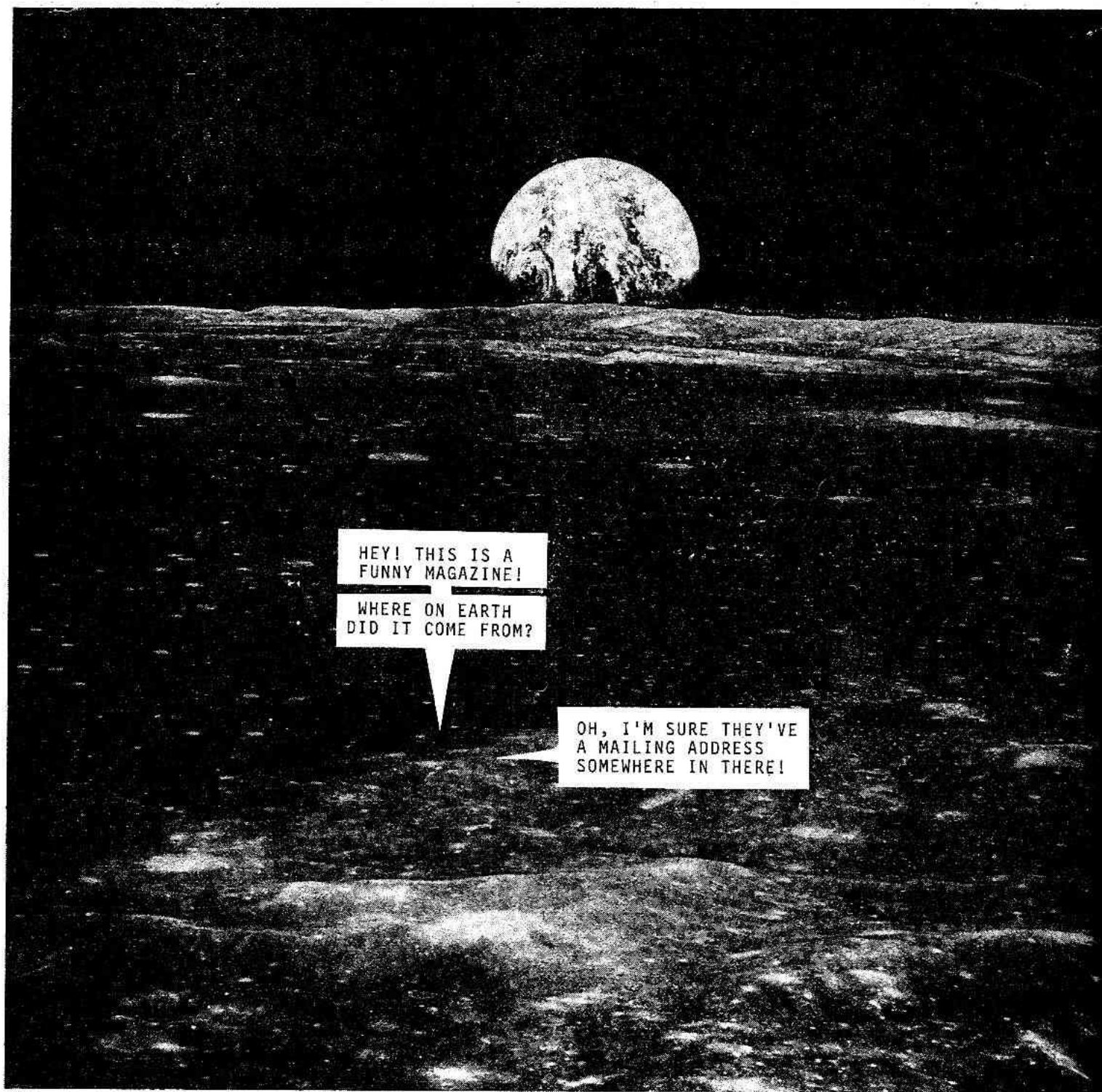
# EYE-BALLING.....by Golly











HEY! THIS IS A  
FUNNY MAGAZINE!

WHERE ON EARTH  
DID IT COME FROM?

OH, I'M SURE THEY'VE  
A MAILING ADDRESS  
SOMEWHERE IN THERE!

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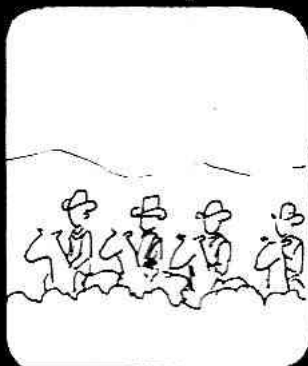
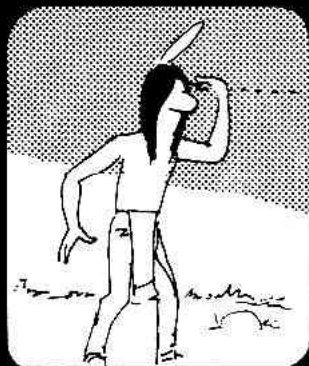
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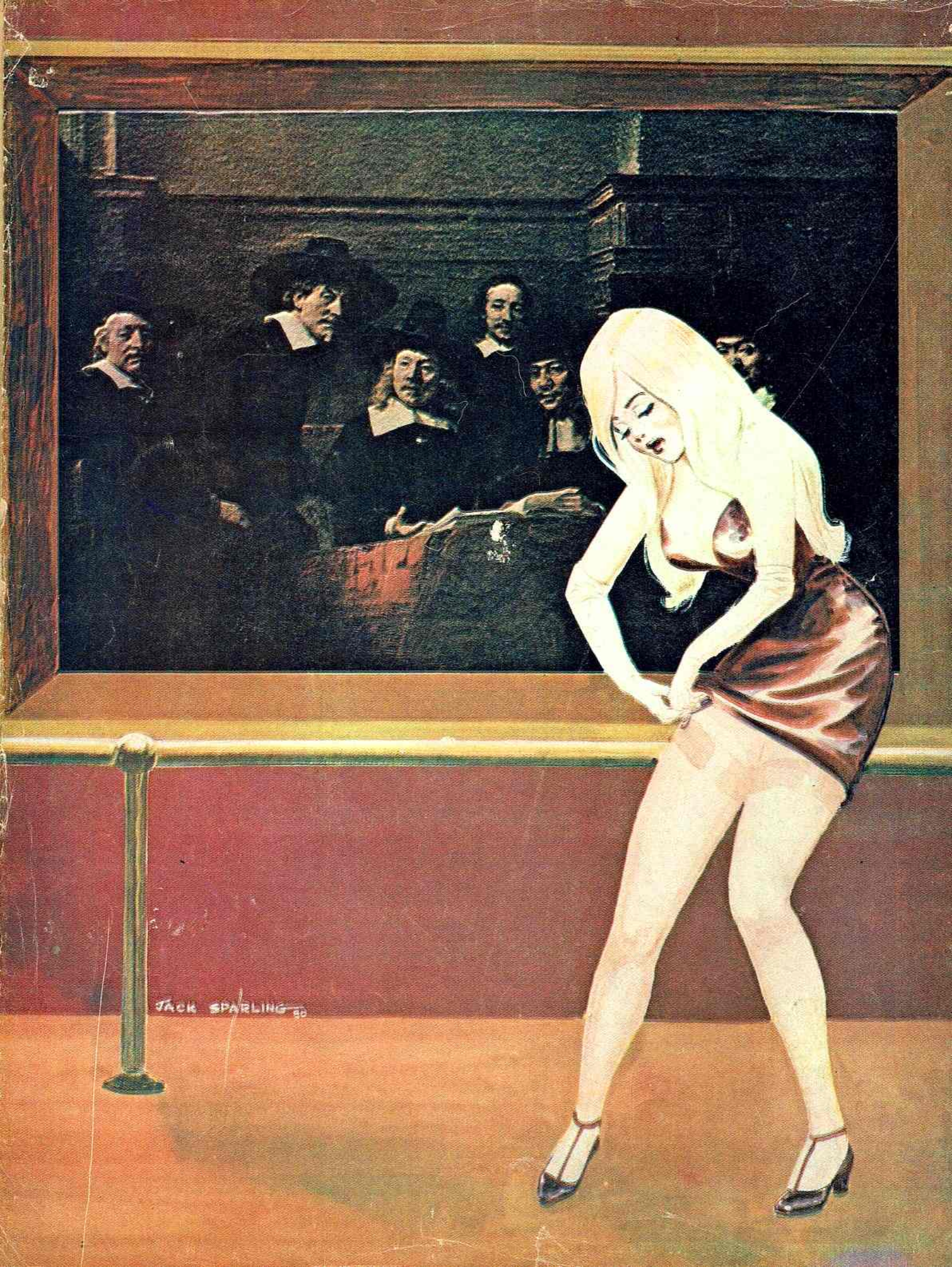
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